

# NEW YORK

# Journal

## A HOME WEEKLY

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No. 357.

YES!

BY EREN E. HENFORD.

Oh, sweet, red-rose, let your lips unclose,  
Did you hear what she said last night?  
I saw your face, in its sweet, bright grace,  
Lean down to the lilies white,  
And I think you heard each whispered word,  
For the wind laughed out in glee,  
And a bird sang low to his mate in dreams,  
Of the dream that had come to me.  
Each drooping lid with its fringes hid  
The blue of her eyes from me,  
But I saw the red of her cheeks o'erspread  
The face that was fair to see.  
And her thoughts I read at the words I said  
In a "waddy" or hollow place, where water was  
And I knew full well what her heart would say  
Ere I heard my darling speak.  
Then the wind sang sweet at the lilies' feet—  
Sung tenderly, soft and low;  
And the roses' music, in the purple dusk,  
Dropped into their cups of snow,  
And, "Oh, love of mine! I ask some sign  
Of the love that your cheeks confess!"  
Then her red lips stirred with one low, sweet  
word,  
And that word! that word was "Yes!"

## The Red Cross;

OR,

The Mystery of Warren-Guiderland.

A ROMANCE OF THE ACCURSED COINS.

BY GRACE MORTIMER.

CHAPTER VII.  
IN THE HAREM.

AFTER two days and nights of hard riding, with short seasons of rest between, Timour-Emad and his band, with the American lady in their midst, approached the stronghold of their tribe.

This Bedouin encampment had been pitched within the tolerably well-preserved walls of an Arab village, which they had laid waste some time previously, and as the location was both secure and convenient, being behind walls, and in a "waddy" or hollow place, where water was abundant, these restless marauders had not yet grown tired of and forsaken it for some fresh field.

The band approached, riding at full gallop as they neared the encampment, and uttering shrill, resonant shouts of victory; and, midnight though it was, a horde of villainous-looking Bedouins rushed out of the breach in the wall which served as town gate, and was guarded by a picked patrol, and swarming round their victorious chief, kissing the feet, garments, and hand he carelessly extended them, or prostrating themselves under his snorting steed's hoofs, to be stolidly ridden over by the haughty conqueror—vied with each other in the ardor of their welcome. Meanwhile the rest of the band were being dragged from their horses, embraced and passed from hand to hand, with shouts of adulation and welcome, mingled with inquiries where the others were, where the spoil was, etc., etc.

It was a strange enough scene for the terrified eyes of the far-traveled lady; the slight eminence behind the wall was occupied by a host of "krums" or tents, whose dingy brown was transformed into crimson by the red flare of the rising moon, while, conspicuously placed upon the apex of the gentle eminence, stood the *beit-el-shar*—the khalifa's tent, distinguishable by its position, its handsome white and scarlet stripes, and by the glittering spear thrust into the loose soil in front of it, with the standard of the tribe fluttering from its head.

As the cortege swept through the swarming throngs toward this point, a bevy of women, closely veiled from head to foot, and singing a wild sort of victory hymn, to which they kept time with their feet, approached, surrounded the sheik and his captive, lifted the latter bodily from her saddle, and bore her in their arms within the tent, into its inner compartment, the "harem."

Here these dark, soft-eyed, melancholy-looking beings, many of them evidently themselves the spoil of former conquests, and all the slavish ministrants to the savage voluptuousness of their rude lord, applied themselves, with eager zest, to the interesting task of preparing the new victim for the sacrifice, chattering among themselves in their soft, sibilant tongue, of which she understood not one word, while they deftly removed her dust-stained garments, laved her exhausted person in deliciously perfumed waters, thrilled their long fingers through her glittering, gold-colored tresses, to free it from the sand of the desert, and to charge it with a rich and fragrant unguent; until, under their delicate brown, softly-moving hands, their melancholy eastern eyes, and monotonous whisperings, the weary captive fell fast asleep.

When she once more looked up, at a loss for a moment to account for her strange surroundings, a lurid, breathless, hushed dawn was penetrating its blood-red rays through the many interstices of her shelter, and the confused sounds of a savage host awaking to their daily life, came to her startled ear like the buzzing of a mighty hive.

She raised herself to her elbow and sent her terrified glance around the interior of the tent, then over her own person, with wonder and dismay unexpressed.

As to the former, it was adorned with all the barbaric splendor procurable through imperial robbery; upon the walls glistened a fine array of Arab weapons, tastefully set off by the rich folds of stolen scarfs and shawls of oriental looms; a brilliantly-dyed carpet of morocco covered the bare ground; the cran upon which she reclined, was a pile of velvet tiger skins, with cushions of delicately wrought needle-work on softest silk; and, separated only by the few feet of floor between them, she beheld the emir reclining upon another divan, the mate of her own, his eyes fastened in dreamy raptures upon his captive, while he smoked his "narghah," keeping up a gentle pattering noise in the "kush," a large, handsomely-cut glass bottle, inlaid with gold, filled with perfumed water, with a long green and gold tube which coiled like a serpent across the floor.

As to Cordelia's own person, she gazed in won-



"Emir, by this seal I demand your protection, and if you refuse it me—"

der and distress at its splendid orientalism; the fabrics were costly and beautiful in the extreme, the hues rich with dashes of gold and scarlet, but, while her head was delicately veiled in a sweeping veil of silver tissue, and her hair strung with glittering coins and immense gems, her bosom was exposed even more liberally than it would have been at a royal reception at the English court.

Perceiving her to have awaked from her long sleep of exhaustion, Timour-Emad, signing her silently to draw her veil close, clasped his hands loudly, and, instantly, two Arab servants entered, bearing a little polygonal stool, and a tray of lacquer work, in which were socketed two tiny porcelain cups, from which rose the fragrant steam of Turkish coffee. These objects they placed upon the ground between the divans, vanished again, and re-appeared, the one with a golden basin, the other with a golden ewer; and, kneeling before the chief, poured water upon his hands, drying them after ward with a damask napkin. This ceremony was performed for the captive immediately after, the attendants not daring to glance at her. They then offered a cup to each, also a gilded bowl filled with a curious pasty mass, which Cordelia recognized as the favorite Arabian dish of rice, wheat, beans, and oil.

As she could not at once prevail upon herself to touch the proffered hospitalities of her captor, he said, in his careful English: "Damsel, eat, I pray thee; drink, then we shall be as kindred, and no strangers. The sultof brotherhood leaves not the heart of a Bedouin. Eat, and be at peace."

After a moment's reflection, she compelled herself to accept the significant courtesy, and, having satisfied her hunger, which, in spite of her imminent position, the long ride, with its brief pauses for refreshment, had sharpened, she felt herself safer from the violence of the emir.

The symbolic ceremony over, the attendants glided out with the utensils, re-appearing with the basin and ewer, only to vanish once more like automatic figures, without casting a single curious glance at their master's latest favorite.

And now came the moment so long mercifully delayed, when the despot of the desert, who had never yet been withstood by any living thing that lay in his power, and the delicately nurtured American lady, who had never yet been exposed to the violence of so much as a rough word, confronted each other, with a point at issue between them. In all the length of that terrible ride, Cordelia had not yet had one opportunity to examine the sign which she believed Masudi to have imprinted upon her arm. She was thinking of it now, with mingled hope and doubt, wondering what influence it was to exert upon her opponent, when the moment came for her to reveal it.

She was also lifting up her quaking heart to Heaven for aid and courage to uphold her through the dreaded scene; and, unconsciously, the expression of her face became so lofty, calm, and unapproachably pure, that her savage lover hesitated in his rude court, overawed.

In the dead hush, preoccupied as the pair were, the yellow glare of the morning light that struggled through the interstices of the tent, with a certain dry, sulphurous heat and dead hush in the atmosphere, suddenly occurred to Cordelia, who had never endured such utter stagnation in her passage through climates even more tropical, and while it explained to her the depth and duration of her late slumbers, caused depth and emotion of vague uneasiness that was rather unexpected under the circumstances. Almost instant upon this thought, came such a wild, wailing, unearthly cry—so long, so agonizing, that she grew white with nameless fear, and started to her feet. Timour-Emad's dark, languorous face sharpened and hardened as he heard it; he, too, arose, and stepping to the opening of the tent, swept aside the heavy curtain of goat's hair and looked out over the city of conical tents, to the vast rolling sand-stepped, over which the sky loomed, thickly burdened with storm-clouds.

'Tis the howl of the jackals; they flee before

the approaching simoom," exclaimed the emir, wishing to reassure her, that the preoccupation of fear might not interfere with the course of his love-making.

Something in the horizon seemed to rivet his hawk eye; he looked long and attentively at it. Cordelia, venturing to steal a hasty glance over his shoulder, saw something like a little cloud skimming over the yellow sea, and, by the flash which broke from it, knew it for a company of armed riders, galloping toward the shelter of Timour-Emad's encampment ere the storm-clouds should burst upon them.

Her courage rose. "These strangers will afford a diversion, which may shield me," she mused, "and the storm may do the rest."

The khalifa returned to his love-making with a resolute air.

"Damsel," said he, "thou art fairer than all the women who have been before thee, and none shall come after thee who is worthy to tie thy sandal. Thou shalt be called henceforth 'the Golden Moon,' because that thy head is as the gold of Ophir, and thy face as the white disk of the moon. Be of good cheer, fair Frankish maiden; thou hast found grace in the eyes of the great djed, Timour-Emad; thou shalt be his chief wife, before all the women of his harem. Come hither, Golden Moon."

She checked his fiery ardor with a look, and a proud wave of her hand. "Emir," she returned, icily, "beware how you insult me. I am your captive, you know why—for my father's sake, not from love of you. In my land, a brave man would scorn to demand the duty of a woman who loved him not. Keep me in captivity forever, if you like, but do not expect me ever to consent to be your wife."

For a moment he was silent, his hot heart filling with bitter disappointment and mortification. He had begun to delude himself with the hope that he could bend to his will this gold-haired, angel-faced, proud-eyed princess of the Franks; that she would ere long give him love for love; but under those gentle, pitiless words, and those luminous, fearless, half-contemptuous eyes, his hope died in wrath and pain. It was with a stain of fiercer fire burning on his tawny cheek, and a new ring in his menacing tones, that he cried:

"Golden Moon forgets that she is the spoil of the conqueror, won him by his spear, and by his saber—his to kill or to save alive—to degrade or to honor. Shall the conqueror then kneel to his captive, suing for what is his by right of warfare? Shall not the captive kneel to her conqueror, praying him to lift her to the high estate of chiefest sultana of his tent? Yea, and as God liveth, many as fair have sued in vain!" and again he approached her, and this time would not be frowned away, but seized her in his brawny arms.

"Stop!" she cried, in a thrilling tone of command.

Taken by surprise, he released her. Retreating to the opposite side of the tent, she suddenly possessed herself of a small Eastern dagger, which had caught her eye as the interview progressed, and sweeping back the wide silken sleeve of her Eastern dress, so that the whole of her white arm was visible up to that spot upon which Masudi had imprinted the as yet unknown symbol which was to save her in her darkest need, made as if to plunge the blade into her own bosom, while she exclaimed, vehemently:

"Emir, by this seal, I demand your protection, and swear by my God that if you refuse it me, I shall escape your insulting love by death!" Timour-Emad stood a moment as if stricken dumb, his eyes fastened upon the mark which was now revealed on the glistening satin of her arm—his lean, dark visage changing, gradually and awfully. A slight shudder then passed over him; he parted his thin lips in a malignant, bitter-smiling smile, his white teeth clicking ominously, and, with the blackest blood in his savage heart boiling up under the utterly unlooked-for revelation, his words rolled forth,

raging and impetuous as the howl of the furious tiger.

"What?" he yelled, while the same long, tortured wail came again from the desert, as the jackals fled before the coming tempest, and the jingling of the advancing horsemen rung nearer as the strangers swept into the city of refuge—"what! hath my brother Masudi only played the traitor unto me, to send into my tent—to tempt his brother, and to spy out the weakness of the land—his wife? His wife, marked with the blue scarabaeus of betrothal—his favorite queen, the delight of his eyes, whom, to touch, were the blackest perjury of brother to brother? Now, as God and His Prophet live, I shall avenge myself upon this my treacherous brother. Yea, and upon thee also, thou dissembler," and with a howl of ungovernable fury, he tore a spear from its rest on the wall, and, throwing himself upon the horrified lady, hurled her to her knees, and flashed the glittering blade above her head in deadly menace.

## CHAPTER VIII.

THE ARAB RIVALS.

In that supreme moment, while the imperial purple eyes of the doomed lady met with cold contempt and haunting reproach the bloodshot glare of the infuriated savage, a sudden, loud, tumultuous shout came from the people without—the "Allah il Allah" of a salutation, or an attack.

At the first sound of it, the emir dashed aside his weapon and released his intended victim with a curse full of Moslem blasphemy, and, as if he felt ashamed of himself for his momentary impulse against the guest with whom he had so lately eaten the sacred salt of hospitality, strode instantly from her presence.

Cordelia kept her knees, a heavenly radiance upon her; she was returning God humble thanks for His intervention on her behalf.

Next instant, the reiterated shouts of the multitude took form in her arrested ears, and, to her mingled joy and anxiety, she recognized the Arabian pronunciation of the one word, "Masudi!"

Her strange friend had come to her aid. She examined the mark on her arm. Sure enough, upon the ivory surface was distinctly traced, in hair-like lines, the form of the sacred beetle of the East, the scarabaeus, as it tattooed, in brilliant blue.

Timour-Emad had called it the seal of marriage, or betrothal; she was, by its testimony, the property of the man who was now in the camp of his duped ally, Timour-Emad.

What was to be the upshot of these complicated circumstances?

Suppose Masudi should play her false, as he had played the traitor to his brother emir? Suppose he should claim her, defying her to disprove the testimony of the sign upon her arm?

But no—she could not recall the expression of Masudi's eye as it looked into her own in that parting moment, and doubt his integrity. He was trustworthy; of that she felt assured, and she awaited the result of his appearance among the legions of his ally, which he had so bitterly angered, with what patience and confidence she could muster.

"As long as I possess this," murmured she, resolutely thrusting the dagger into her sash, "I am personally safe; I trust I have heroism enough to plunge it into my own heart in defense of my honor, although—thanks to my civilized training—I should find it impossible to turn it against another's."

As she mused thus, the tumult without, the mingled clamor of shouted salutation, shrieking songs of welcome, clattering tongues, and clashing of barbaric instruments of music abruptly stopped; there was a season of dead silence, then a great cry, and the terrible clang of weapons drawn from their sheaths.

Cordelia listened in horror. Had Timour-Emad fallen upon his alleged brother Masudi? And if he had, and it should be Masudi's fate to fall, what had she to look for?

Shuddering and sickening, Cordelia addressed herself to prayer.

The formidable sounds continued and increased in terror; they approached nearer and nearer, and culminated in two voices raised in bitter dispute, which entered the outer compartment of the sheik's marquee.

In the indignant accents of one of these voices, Cordelia easily recognized Timour-Emad's; but the astonished and provoked voice that answered, was strange to her ears. Before she had done noting this fact, a dark hand swept aside the curtain, and two sheiks burst into her astonished presence.

Timour-Emad, gesticulating wildly, while he seemed to invoke the aid of all his gods, and a stranger, whose first glance at the unveiled beauty of the captive, struck him dumb.

Confused and shrinking before the broad gaze of the excited pair, Cordelia could yet command herself sufficiently to rise and face them with stately rebuke.

"Why this intrusion, chief?" she demanded, coldly. "Is this the courtesy you extend to her who has eaten of your salt?"

The stranger, whose burning eyes were fixed upon the blue scarabaeus in a species of fascination, hearing those delicate accents uttered in the most musical voice in the world, began to examine her from head to foot, with quickly kindled admiration and covetousness. As for Timour-Emad, he seemed to be slowly recovering from a great astonishment, and to be oppressed with the greatness of some new thought. Approaching his captive, he said, in his careful English:

"What sayest thou, damsels sealed with Masudi's betrothal sign—is this thy lord, Masudi?"

What did he mean? The man before her was certainly not the Masudi who had impressed that sign upon her arm!

As she hesitated, bewildered and fearing to speak, the stranger also drew near her, and she read, with sickening apprehension, the forking admiration of his looks, and the gradual resolve which crept into his envious eye.

"Hold thy peace, maiden!" exclaimed he, imperiously. "It becometh not the woman to speak in the presence of her lord. By the Law and the Prophets, Timour-Emad, brother of Masudi—he who met thee in the desert, and called himself by my name—hath dealt deceitfully with thee, is an impostor, not Masudi; and this woman, sealed with the beetle of betrothal, is mine!"

This astounding declaration blanched the cheeks of the captive, and called a dark scowl to the face of the conquering chief. Evidently he did not believe his visitor's statement—evidently he was just sufficiently enamored of his beautiful captive to welcome with joy any loop-hole through which he might snatch her from another's possession.

"Damsel, is this true?" demanded he, obstinately addressing her, in spite of his visitor's haughty remonstrance. "Hast thou ever before beheld this man, who, wearing not the faded blue of the desert, but the rich purple of the city, yet claims thee as the queen of his *beit-el-shar*?" Trembling, as she read the burning gaze with which the pseudo-Masudi regarded her, and infinitely preferring the tender mercies of the middle-aged, and rather more male-looking Timour-Emad to those of this younger and more brutal chief, Cordelia cried, emphatically:

"I know nothing of this man, nor he of me. We are strangers!" Timour-Emad entered an exultant cry. "Lo, my brother!" said he, with affected politeness, "the woman denies thee; it is not that thou hast mistaken her for some other woman of thy tent, even more comely than she?"

"The woman hath fled from me," answered the stranger, calmly. "She lies unto me, brother. Woman, hold thy peace, lest I deal with thee as thou deservest at my hands. My brother, thou hast been the sport of treachery and falsehood. He who called himself thy brother and ally—the great Emir Masudi—was surely that base slave who assisted the flight of this my newly-betrothed queen. But all is well, Allah hath led my steps hither just in time to claim my own ere thou hast in thy ignorance possessed thyself of it. The woman is safe; the true Emir Masudi is here; his people are with thy people. All is well, God and his Prophet be praised!"

This serene and devout harangue failed to carry the chief auditor along with it. Timour-Emad's admiration for his fair captive augmented a thousand fold as his chances for possession dwindled away; he felt an inner conviction that his plausible brother was swindling him out of a captive he had not the smallest right to, though he could not prove it, and his untolerant passions naturally chafed against the intolerable idea of being cheated out of the finest woman he had ever beheld by this, his long-abhorred, but newly-allied brother robber, a younger man than himself, with fewer followers, and more conquests to boast of.

Therefore, it was with rather a formidable darkening of the lean Arab visage that he answered:

"My brother hath said; now, who are his sureties? How are Timour-Emad and his people to assure themselves that thou art the true Masudi, and no impostor, and that the other was naught?"

"Darest thou to cast doubt in the teeth of the king-vulture of the plain?" flashed the young chief, laying his richly-bejeweled hand upon the hilt of his saber. "What! dost thou, in thine own *beit-el-shar*, meet this thy newly-allied brother—the mighty Masudi—with insulting doubts, when he cometh unto thee with his people behind him, to ratify the bonds of our alliance? Inshallah, thou dog of a renegade from the sacred customs of our race, set now thy men in array against my men—spear for spear, and saber for saber—and to the victor be the name of chief of both tribes be given; and let Allah judge between thee and me!" And, with a volley of furious Arab oaths, and the foam of white upon his lips, the incensed Masudi broke from the tent, and anon was heard shouting to his men, ordering them to arms!

For a moment Timour-Emad hesitated, and passing thought of the welfare of his people occurred to him; but a glance at the lovely, anxious face of his captive decided him. Should he permit such beauty to grace any other tent than his own, now that he had a chance to fight for the prize? What were the lives of his men worth in comparison with this great triumph?

He, too, strode from her presence, and instantly the whole encampment was ringing with







to Mrs. Matthews' arm; "now I care not how soon it is ended. I am more eager for it to end than I was for it to continue." "It will end soon enough—too soon," said Mr. Kellogg, who had come up to them; and, taking a hand of each, he said, in a low tone: "The ship is on fire!"

Margaret could hardly have been whiter than she was before; she trembled and moaned, clinging to the hand he had given her, asked:

"You will let me die with you, will you not?"

Both looked into the glassy, foaming ocean, and shuddered; they were young, and life was sweet, if only they could have it as they wished it; but Mrs. Matthews, moaning, and about to rush about frantically, to spread a dangerous alarm, had to be held in check by Mr. Kellogg, who said:

"Your husband will be here in a moment, madam. There is no immediate danger. The fire is in the hold, and the captain does not entirely despair of keeping it under until we can make land. This calm weather continues, there will be less danger; and, meantime, should the worst be unavoidable, we may fall in with a vessel, we are so near the end of our voyage. There are many avenues of hope open to the officers have abundance of time to man and provision the boats, which are in good order, and enough of them for the rescue of all. The wintry weather is against us, if obliged to take to open boats; but even then we can hardly fail of being soon picked up, lying off the coast of Ireland as we do. It will at least be several hours before the fire can master the ship."

The manager of the theatrical troupe now came up, and joined the group. Other gentlemen began to whisper the terrible story to white-faced lady-passengers. There was no great outcry after a few first screams of terror or surprise. All the ladies went quickly to their state-rooms, and provided themselves with the warmest clothing they had, putting on two pairs of stockings, and bringing back with them hoods and shawls, such stores of comfort as they had. They had been secured within their garments. Fortunately, there were no steerage passengers; and the captain, appearing soon in the cabin, assured his breathless listeners that the boats would be ample for the accommodation—that they were being provided with food and water, and that when the moment came that the vessel must be abandoned, if it came to that, which they were laboring hard to avert, all should have due notice in time to thoroughly prepare themselves for the hardships before them. In the mean time, dinner would be served as usual, and he advised them to eat, as it might be some time before they again enjoyed a warm and well-cooked dinner. He smiled as he said this last, but he could not prevent a certain solemnity of tone, which impressed upon them, in spite of his assumed cheerfulness, that a voyage in open boats in the month of January was not a desirable thing. Old tales of shipwrecks, of starving crews in open oceans, long days and nights of hope which changed to despair, and courage which melted into insanity and death, came, spectral and ghastly, before their memories. They looked in each other's faces, shuddered, and sighed. But when they heard the steady clanging of pumps, and thought of the help of fire that smoldered under them, ever spreading, creeping, deepening, seeking, with tongues of flame, for every smallest stream of air; when they thought of the steady, unrelenting light of the faithful crew, and gaining on them, hour by hour, the boats took on a friendly and homelike guise.

Mr. Kellogg had conducted Margaret to her state-room, and stood outside while she gathered together such effects as she wished to take with her, in case they took to the boats. But the stranger was there, also, in the narrow, dim passage, and as the young lady came out, said:

"Take good care of your marriage-certificate, Mrs. Martinique. It will be of great use to you. She did not reply—handing her shawl to Mr. Kellogg.

Then, as if the catastrophe impending over them drove out all malice and revenge, leaving only his great love to speak for itself, he grasped her hand, and said, in a low, earnest tone:

"Margaret, don't leave me! I will save you. You shall be safe with me. I am the one to care for you in an hour like this."

But she drew her hand away, placing it on the actor's arm.

"Come, I say. You shall be safe with me, whatever happens."

"Mr. Martinique, I will remain on this vessel when every other soul has deserted her, rather than go with you. I don't wish to be rescued, if it must be by you. Don't persecute me at this time. If you do as I say, I shall remain on the ship."

"But, Margaret, dearest, darling wife, if we are separated now it may be forever. One may perish, the other live. Or we may be taken up by ships sailing to ports on opposite sides of the world."

"Pray heaven we may."

"I did not mean that," quickly correcting himself, seeing the mistake he had made. "Of course we shall both take the same boat; that I am resolved on. But why not, Margaret, in this awful hour, forget your pride, and let me be your guide, and let me be your guide?"

"Why longer fly from me, whose wife you are, who am kept miserable by your conduct? I will make you happy. All that you ask shall be yours. We will live where you say, do what you wish. Come, put an end to this flimsy knowledge of yourself my wife, and all that man can do to save you shall be done; and if you must perish, I shall share your fate. You will at least die in your husband's arms—not in those of an adventurer, who is amusing himself with your ignorance of the world."

"I am not a man of the world," said the actor, with a contemptuous glance at the actor he again seized her hand, attempting to draw her along to his side, to the upper cabin, where dinner was being placed upon the table.

"Mr. Martinique, you ought to know my temper by this time. I don't dread fire itself as I do you. The worst of the fire is the cold, and more frightful than those of the river into which you once pursued me. As I say, even this bed of fire beneath us is less hateful than to be forced into companionship with a man like you. I never will submit to the chain you so meanly forged. I know, now, what my rights are, and I am no longer afraid of you, as I have been heretofore. If you wish to escape exposure, and the scorn of all who know you and me, let me alone. Never speak to me again. Of all things, in this solemn hour, do not bring forward your hated personal animosities to annoy and discompose me. If we must die, let us be calm as our human nature will permit. In view of death, I forgive you; but, living or dying, I will not blend my fate with yours."

Wrenching her hand from his fierce grasp, she motioned Kellogg to go first to the stairway. She would not trust him to go up with that other man pressing on from behind. She knew that Martinique went always armed. As the three came into the cabin, no one noticed their excitement, as each had enough to do to think of his own escape, and the danger to them. Kellogg had said nothing, but his resolve had been made from the first. He now led Margaret to her usual seat at the table. The captain was already there, and very grave and somewhat pale he looked, as he glanced anxiously down the rows of blanched faces, which had been at breakfast so smiling.

"It is clouding up, and the wind is rising. I was hoping we should have a moonlight night. But I feel a storm coming. My friends, I see you have no appetites, but I beg of you eat—while you may."

"How about the fire?" inquired Matthews, endeavoring to speak firmly.

"It gains," was the abrupt reply; then, as a spell seemed to settle on the motionless company, he added, almost angrily, "But there is plenty of time in which to do justice to your dinners, and I repeat that you had better prepare yourselves for what may come. And now, excuse me," and taking a piece of bread and meat in his hand, he returned to his post.

That was a solemn feast—a banquet, in truth,

after the old Egyptian fashion, with a skeleton to preside—a hideous skeleton stared each one in the face, yet the company went on with the eating and drinking as if no one saw it.

To a person sufficiently composed in his own mind to think of philosophizing in such an hour, there was food for observation, and even amusement in the vividness with which the peculiar traits of individuals came out. Kemble Kellogg was never more self-possessed than when he sat quite on no careless air of affected indifference, but, through a solemnity which he did not seek to hide, shone a genial pleasantness and kindness very comforting to the timid, silent souls of some about him.

"If one must die, it is well to die in such company," was the feeling he inspired. Two or three men laughed aloud, and jested freely, but there was a hollow ring in the sound of their mirth. A few obeyed the captain's injunction to prepare for hard times, by quietly and systematically stowing away all within their reach, if they had. By many some crisis came, and could ruminate at their leisure. Unselfish husbands pressed upon their trembling wives the necessity of taking food, while forgetful of what was on their own plate, and *vice versa*.

Some positively could not swallow, but watched, with eager eyes, every movement of others, expecting to be summoned at any instant. Mr. Martinique ate little and drank a good deal. Margaret, a little pale and nervous, obeyed the injunctions of Mr. Kellogg, and ate what she could, also coaxing Mrs. Matthews to eat, and not to be so discouraged, saying that, as for herself, she felt very hopeful and courageous. She did not think people who were healthy, and able to endure some hardships, should be cast down; remember the poor consumptive, who must suffer so much in the trial before them. Thus she conversed, cheerfully, speaking sweetly to all the mothers, and the three or four children about her.

As the captain had predicted, a storm was coming on. Soon all realized the fact in the increased roughness of the motion, and the suddenness with which twilight came down, almost before they had left the table. Margaret was quick to strain their eyes looking for vessels which might cross their path, but the look-out could give them no tidings of any; and the wind rose higher, the clouds grew thicker, and night—oh, what a night!—closed in about the doomed ship.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

## DRIFTING, WHO KNOWS WHERE?

The long hours of suspense and mental anguish were over until midnight. By that time the engine of horror had arrived. The throbbing of the engine had ceased—the fire having eaten its way around the machinery, until the men were obliged to abandon it. The dull noise of the pumps still continued, although the wearied and hopeless crew were long without visible energy. There should have been a moon, but the clouds were so dense that her light was dim indeed; the wind blew and shrieked about the helpless ship, as if in demoniac exultation at the dilemma; as fortunately no rain fell.

The passengers were now all crumpled on the decks in the after-part of the boat, for thin curls and jets of flame began to play about the forward part, and to burst out around the smoke-stack. The women and children were wrapped in warm garments, and hot coffee had been handed out an hour or two previously.

"Now, my friends," said the captain, appearing in their midst, as a fiery column suddenly darted up high above the pipes, "God save us all! We must abandon the ship. No confusion now! Obey orders, and I believe you all may be saved."

There was not a shriek—scarcely a murmur. He placed the boats under command of the different officers, and the difficult task of getting the passengers into them commenced—difficult on account of the high running sea. The comparative was first carefully lowered, and safely placed, with as many blankets as it was possible to allow him; his wife followed; the children and ladies who seemed most delicate, as it was proposed not to load this boat to excess, since there would be room for all; and the doctor, with medical chests, and a few other necessities, also, was to complete the complement. Something between a groan and a shout burst from the little crowd on board the burning ship, as the first boat pushed off. Where, oh, where, would these and those, made friends by companionship in danger, meet again? Certainly, some of them, never in this world.

Boat after boat was filled, without an accident, and put away from the vessel—pale faces turning back, and looking paler in the red light, which now crimsoned the waves; and still one little group about the captain remained unbroken—Margaret and her two lovers. Mr. and Mrs. Matthews were lowered into the captain's boat; Margaret was the last woman on the ship.

"Now, my brave girl," said the captain, "comes your turn."

She gave her hand to Kellogg, but as he was about to lift her in his arms, with the rope about her waist, she held back, bidding him go first into the boat.

"Let me see you safely in," he said.

"No, no, I will not leave you behind. Something must happen. Go first, and receive me as I am handed down."

"For God's sake, lose no time!" cried the captain, as a blast of wind shook and tossed the frail boat, and the flames, as if in revenge for being so long suppressed, leaped and roared, and a hot breath about them nearly suffocated those still on the ship.

"Go!" commanded Margaret; and Kellogg, seeing that delay was dangerous, climbed down, and stood, balancing himself, ready to receive her, as she was now handed down by strong arms. The last man had been lowered into the captain's boat, which warned her to be sure of the actor's safety before she secured her own; and for this reason she had insisted on Kellogg's descending first. The senior, standing by the captain's side, his dark, unquiet face lit up by the glaring flame, watched every movement of his rival, had a stealthy and dangerous expression, which Margaret did not like. Now, as Kellogg obeyed her—going first into the boat—he was evidently frustrated in some hastily-laid plan.

"Now," said the captain to the last remaining passenger, turning himself to face her, "I am a crew and officers were in their places. The last men were in the boats, only those two on board. Martinique fastened the rope about his waist. At that moment a furious gust of wind swept down, as if from overhead, whirling the smoke and sparks about these two, so as for a moment, to blind and strangle them. When it cleared up a little, they saw that the same gust had driven the captain's boat a dozen yards away; but one of the other boats was holding to close alongside—her officer shouting to them to drop aboard her. Martinique lowered himself by his rope, and whether the smoke confused him, rendering him partly unconscious, or what happened in that moment of excitement, no one thereafter could correctly state; but he missed the arms which were reached for him, let go his rope too soon, and was swept off on a long foam-crested wave, which broke and tossed the egg-shell boat, so that the captain also, more fortunate in having his rope better secured, swung five minutes over the threatening water, before he could be reached.

"Will you let the man drown?" he shouted, as soon as his feet touched the boat; and instantly he had an ear in his hand, and the men rowed after the long-running wave, from which the dark face had now disappeared.

It was folly to hope to save the unfortunate passenger. The boats were scarcely under control; the best that could be done was to keep them from swamping—as the captain found when he attempted to come alongside his own boat, which was without an officer. To effect an exchange now was simply impossible; he must remain where he was.

The bright glare of the fire had revealed the whole frightful scene to Margaret, who clasped her hands and pressed her lips more tightly together, as she saw the man who so long persecuted her, and blasted her life, swept off on the cruel wave. She would have endangered her

own life to save him, had there been anything she could do; but she could only strain her eyes to watch, while the boats beat about the ship in a fruitless effort to rescue him; and when the captain came near enough to answer the cry, which Kellogg raised to know if the passenger had drowned, with that hoarse "Yes!" the long strain upon her sensibilities loosened; she felt something break in her breast, like the snapping of a harp-string, and quietly slid into unconsciousness.

When she revived, the leading lady was holding a bottle of smelling-salts to her nostrils; she sat up, and looked about her, with a shudder.

"He may be the most fortunate of any of us," said Kellogg, who was rubbing her cold hands, as he met her wandering glance. "His death was sudden, at least, and without much suffering. Who knows what we may have to endure before death relieves us?"

As he spoke, her glance took in the situation. The captain had advised all the crews to keep their boats as close to the ship as possible, at least for the night, as her light might attract some vessel to the spot, which would rescue them from the open boats; but of the three other boats, not one was in sight—and their own was half a mile from the glowing, flaming mass of fire, whose lurid beacon burned in vain, since there were no friendly eyes of other more fortunate ships to see the red banner of distress.

The wind now blew steadily, but heavily, forcing the little boat before it in spite of all efforts to keep her in sight of the ship. It was not bitterly cold, though quite sufficiently so, especially as the wind cut off the crease of foam from the waves and drove it over their garments and into their faces like fine rain.

"I am not sure but Mr. Martinique was really the most fortunate, as you say," remarked Margaret, as she came back, her face revealing to anxious eyes only a waste of gray rolling waves, up whose mountains and down whose valleys the small boat pitched and struggled and slipped.

"You are chilled, and tired, and hungry, my darling. Would to Heaven I could bear your hardships, and sell my own," returned Kellogg, against whose shoulder she had been leaning.

"I have more endurance than you will believe," she said, forcing a smile. "This is nothing, if only we come in sight of a sail to-day all will be well."

"All's well that ends well," quoted the leading lady, "even a shipwreck, I suppose. But I do wish we had a hot brick at that to toast our toes. When will it be time to serve out rations?"

"Seven o'clock," said Kellogg, looking at his watch; "it is now half-past six."

In the absence of any of the ship's officers, Kellogg, at the solicitation of the others, had taken command of the life-boat. His was one of those leading spirits which men will obey to the death.

At seven o'clock he gave out the breakfast, consisting of biscuit, a piece of corned beef, and a drink of brandy and water; for a short time after it had been eaten, the crew was disposed to be hopeful, even cheerful; but as the hours wore on, and the cold, and anything else, made them silent and despondent.

Margaret fell asleep, resting against her lover, who would gladly have kept her thus until the sad voyage came to an end, in rescue or death; but her sleep was disturbed, and of no great length, she awoke with the cry, "Save him! save him!"

After the noon rations, Kellogg proposed that they should while away the time by repeating parts of some play. The weary, dreary voyagers begged them to do so, and the tired girl yielded herself to a few energy, as she went through the "Merchant of Venice" with Kellogg, Mr. and Mrs. Matthews, and three other actors who were of the company. The part of Portia she had committed to memory as she had that of Juliet, and, under the inspiration of the part, almost forgot, for an hour, the curious circumstances which surrounded them, the frowning sky, the lonely ocean.

"I fear this will be our last appearance upon any stage," she said, with a wan smile, when the little diversion had ended, pointing to the sun, which was dipping in the sea, visible for the first time that day, only to remind them that he was going to leave them to another long night of peril and suffering.

Cold and fatigue were already telling frightfully on the small band.

"Kellogg revived, as he dealt out the supper, with a liberal supply of brandy; 'we cannot long endure the exposure. If we are not picked up soon, we shall die of cold. The liquor may save us, until we fall in with some ship. Otherwise, the sea will be the better of us.'"

There was no compass to guide them, and now that the sun was down, the clouds hid the stars, as if purposely to confuse and fill them with despair; but upon a calculation of the direction in which the wind was blowing them, Kellogg and others believed that they were driving on toward the shores of Ireland. But the wind might veer at any moment, and they have no means of knowing it until the sun rose again. It was clear that they were at the mercy of the elements, and that their salvation depended upon the slender chance of their being picked up by a ship that had gone on a whole day without sight of a sail—and if one day, how many more as fruitless might follow?

For three hours Kellogg took his turn at the oar; then, instead of endeavoring to snatch what rest he could, he drew Margaret close to his breast, chafing her cold hands, and making a shield of his body to keep the wind from her.

"If we could fall asleep thus, and awake in heaven, without further suffering, I should be quite willing to go," she whispered.

"I shall never leave you," he answered, "I shall stay with you until the end. I shall fight, inch by inch, the cruel destroyer. We are so young, and so full of love, my darling, and so ambitious. It is not the season to talk of death. We have so much to accomplish; our work is hardly begun. And so much to enjoy, sweetest Margaret, before we are picked up by a ship that has gone on a whole day without sight of a sail—and if one day, how many more as fruitless might follow?"

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## THE LAND OF BLISSFUL REST.

BY FELIX BROWN.

"Far away in the golden, unknown West,  
Full many a league, all 'Westward, ho,'  
Lies the lonely isle of Blissful Rest,  
From whose dream, shores few come and go.  
Few come and go from the dreamy shores—  
Few sail on that turkoise sea;  
No wild winds blow, no fierce storm roars,  
Here is rest, here is peace," saith he.

"So lieth the isle of Blissful Rest,  
Under seas of purple and gold,  
Far down in the dim and distant West,  
In the glow of the sunset's fold.

"Here the soul falls asleep, entranced by the spell,  
The invisible sea—ods have flung o'er the land,  
Nor motion is heard save the murmuring swell  
Of miniature waves, the silvery sand.  
Here is rest, here is peace, the hollow, false world,  
Like a glimmering phantom, hath faded from sight.  
And new life, like a ship with its white wings unfurled,  
Bounds out o'er the waters all free in its might.

"So lieth the isle of Blissful Rest,  
Far away in this mystic sea,  
Many leagues in the golden, unknown West,  
Shall we visit that land?" quoth he.

I raised mine eyes, the sobbing roar  
Of perishing waters I heard,  
And booming breakers on the shore—  
Alas, my friends, ye have been tried.

"Can a soul, I cried, 'on this isle forget,  
The loss of a love that was never mine?  
Can you kill in this heart the demon Regret?  
Whose song is 'she might have been mine,'"

On this mystical isle can memory die?  
Can an echoing voice be stilled?  
Can the soul at rest in oblivion lie?  
Ah, can it speak! thou art killed.

All this on the isle far in the West!  
Yes, all that the mind may crave!  
But, by the land of Blissful Rest  
We find in a quiet grave.

## A Madman at the Wheel.

BY ROGER STARBUCK.

The first mate of the ship *Warrior* was a Spaniard—a tall, thin man, with wild, dark eyes, long, elfish locks of black hair, and a ghastly, haggard face.

He was much disliked by the men, because his usual behavior toward them was like that of some maddened brute than of a human being.

The vessel, homeward bound to New York, from Canton, was, one evening, bowling along under full sail, within twenty miles of the Strait of Cans, through which she was to pass into the Japan Sea, it being her captain's intention to touch at Mikao, on the Island of Nippon, ere standing for the Pacific Ocean, when the Spanish mate gave way to a fit of the most ungovernable rage, and frothing at the mouth, with his eyeballs glowing like a tiger's, rushed amongst the men, aiming blows at them with a handspike.

It was well known that such conduct as stated, very common on Cardo's part, was the result of his being half-crazed by the use of opium. The captain had remonstrated with him, both as to his bad habit of partaking of the drug, and his violence toward the hands; but when fifteen of the crew, headed by an old sailor named Ben Wright, now came aft and complained of the way they were treated by the mate, the skipper was enraged.

Snatching an iron marine-spike from the rail, he ordered them all to go forward, and to never speak to him again on the subject. As neither the old sailor nor his shipmates moved, he was about to hurl the spike amongst them, when his pretty daughter, Selma Warren, who was on deck, interposed, and, surrounded them, the frowning sky, the lonely ocean.

"No, no, father," she cried, "no need of that. They will go without that!"

As she spoke she looked pleadingly at Ben Wright.

All the sailors liked and respected the young girl, who had persuaded her father to give them many a water below, and even to sometimes send them a few such delicacies as were enjoyed at the cabin table.

Without another word, Ben now walked forward, followed by his companions.

Steadily he paced the deck, and he had no more such work. He at once ordered every man—the cook and helmsman included—into the fore-cabin without supper, and, after he had fastened the scuttle about them, he told them they should not come up, nor eat food, until they were ready to promise that they would never complain to him again. The Spanish mate, who had offered to steer, then took his place at the wheel.

"Discipline must be maintained—eh, Walford?" said the captain, as a passenger who stood near Selma, a fine-looking young man of twenty-eight, who had been a midshipman in his boyhood.

"Discipline should be maintained, as you say," answered Walford, "but no such treatment of sailors as that pursued by your mate, would be permitted aboard a man-of-war."

Selma raised her soft, brown eyes approvingly toward the speaker, her smooth, round cheeks glowing, as she met his look of admiration.

Cardo shot a glance of hatred at the young couple. He knew they were engaged before the vessel left Canton—that all his efforts to win the girl's favor had been in vain.

"They shall never be man and wife!" he muttered to himself. "No, never!"

"Mark my words, sir," continued Walford, to the skipper, "you will be sorry you shut your men up, below. A sea captain, of all others, should guard against a hasty temper, which has been the cause of the loss of many a fine ship."

"No danger at all. I shall leave instructions with my second and third officers, who will remain on deck with Cardo, to call the hands at the slightest threatening of squally weather."

The shadows of night were gathering fast. Under everything she could carry, the ship was bowling along toward the Straits, with the foam flying about her bows.

The captain and his daughter went below at nine o'clock.

Walford, who had been up all of the previous night, writing out some accounts of the Canton firm of which he was a member, remained on deck, determined to keep awake if possible.

The moon was now shining, revealing to the young man the dim shores of the Island of Kinsin, about eight miles distant, off the lee bow. Gradually, as he stood watching the land, a feeling of drowsiness crept over him. Unable to resist it, he sat down on the carpenter's chest, near the lee-rail, and fell asleep.

Suddenly he was awakened by a loud, roaring noise.

He opened his eyes, to feel a dash of cold spray against his face.

The first person on whom his gaze fell was Cardo, the mate, still standing at the wheel.

The light from the lantern in the rigging, shining full on the officer's face, revealed an expression there so fierce, so demoniacal and triumphant that Walford was startled.

The wild, glaring eyes of the man were directed ahead of him, as he steered the vessel.

Looking in the same direction, the passenger was horrified to perceive that the ship was being headed straight toward a mass of black, towering rocks near the shore of the Isle of Kinsin!

The wind was now blowing almost a gale, and no sail having been taken in, the craft was speeding along, almost on her beam-ends, with terrific velocity toward those rugged masses—the very jaws of destruction—over which the spray was swept and whirled in long, white drifts, while the thundering of the breakers there was like the continuous booming of cannon.

By the light of the moon the rocks did not appear to be more than a league distant, although they were perhaps a couple of miles further from the craft.

At her present rate of speed the *Warrior* would be dashed upon them in a very short

time—probably in about ten minutes—when no earthly power could save her unfortunate occupants.

Riven into a hundred pieces, the vessel would launch all aboard of her into the wild, whirling waters and suffocating, blinding masses of spray, whence the stoutest swimmer could not hope to extricate himself!

"Basul! What means this?" cried Walford, to the helmsman.

As he spoke, he made an effort to spring up, when, to his surprise, he discovered, for the first time, that he had been lashed, by several stout ropes, to some spars under the rail.

His hands being free, he felt in his pocket for his knife, but it was not there; it had been abstracted.

He then endeavored to turn, hoping he might succeed in unfastening the lashings; but the ropes were too short to admit of his twisting himself far enough around to reach the knots.

"Ho! ho!" cried Cardo, fiercely, now looking toward him. "I might have killed you while you were asleep; but I preferred to fasten you there, that I might enjoy your sufferings if you waked before the ship struck. This vessel and all aboard are doomed! All are my enemies—into all—but you and Selma, especially. You shall never be man and wife! No, never! The spray of the breakers shall be your shroud! All shall be food for fishes. I, too, will perish with the rest. Be it so—since I shall triumph!"

The wild eyes of the madman glared like a panther's; his long hair streaming back on the wind, and the red light playing on his ghastly face, gave him an almost unearthly appearance.





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## A Rival of "Overland Kit."

We shall soon put a new *Star* to the front in the field of Life, Character and Adventure in the Territories—that wild West where "civilization" assumes strange and startling phases. The new romance is centered, for its locale, in and around Dead Wood City, in the heart of the Black Hills country, where now are gathered some of the wildest of spirits and most adventurous of men.

In its deeply-exciting story and vivid portrayal of life in that region, readers have a NEW SENSATION that will arouse attention and create great curiosity as to the identity of authorship.

**Pleasant Features.**—In this issue we give the first of a series of "Stories of Chivalry," by T. C. Harbaugh, that, as brief historic romances, will be a pleasant feature of the season. Nothing better advises the reader of the real life and personages of other days than this kind of reading, which is equally entertaining and informing.

In "Tales of the Indies," of which we already have presented several, the far East has such a life-like presentation as makes one see it as almost as good as reading a book of travels. Like the above-mentioned series, the sketches are enterprising and instructive.

A very pleasant group of stories—the Romance of a Pullman Car—are in hand for early use. A Pullman Palace Car is detained, on the overland trip, by an accident, in a wild place, and to while away the time, its passengers each tell a story that is, in truth, well worth the telling. Our readers will very much enjoy them.

## Sunshine Papers.

### Omnium-gatherum.

"A MISCELLANEOUS collection of things or persons; a confused mixture; a medley." This is the definition Webster gives to the rule-defying word; a word like the Englishman's favorite beverage of "all and 'alf." Think of using grave Latin, and then mocking that ancient and hallowed language by suffixing an irreverent Anglo-Saxon suffix to *Omnium-gatherum*, and jumbling the two together! I'm not sure that I could have found it in my heart to have spoken in such indecorous and macaronic phraseology had I consulted Webster before making the remark of a certain omnium-gatherum.

"Omnium-gatherum?" repeated some one, with innocent, inquiring gaze. But some people have a faculty for looking just sweetly ignorant and innocent, when they are mentally criticizing you at the rate of a page of dictionary a minute.

I flew to the "Unabridged." There it was. "Yes, a regular omnium-gatherum," said I. "Why not?"

"Why, I'm sure I don't know why not," said some one, mildly.

I wanted to say something; but I kept calm, and returned with a sigh to the book-case. We had decided it should be sent to the auction-room. It had long been disgraceful to the house. And now that we had a handsome new one, quite well filled with favorite volumes, we resolved the old one should be dismantled of its contents, and sent adrift. It might bring five dollars; that would purchase two new books we were wanting. Once we had been offered ten for it, but that was some years ago, and we had always regarded our refusal to sell it at that time as an awful mistake in the way of financial policy. Certainly, we should not get that amount for it now.

"What a disreputable-looking piece of furniture it is," thought I, as I sat me down before it. It loomed from the floor nearly to the ceiling; and no doubt the time had been when it was the pride of our ancestors' eyes. Now the mahogany veneering was chipped off in many places, and burned and blistered in others. Sundry bits of beading and ornaments were lost; most of the locks had long defied the utmost skill and patience to secure them, and all about were scratches and scuffs and signs of age and matter—ofttimes, doubtless, little feet—had come in rough contact with it. The upper doors, of glass, swung partly open—they never would keep shut—and through them stared the titles of the books; for we had long since ceased to spend money for silk to tack within them; though, even within our memory, many sets of curtains, rich in hue and material, had hung in graceful folds behind the glass. But who could be expected to expect much care upon an article that had so long been old-fashioned, and consigned to the family room as an omnium-gatherum of family conveniences?

First were the books—four shelves full—to be disposed of. About ten favorite novels, some of Washington Irving's works, a few standard poetical works, and some volumes of essays and history, were consigned to the new book-case. Still the diminution had not been great, and enough books were discovered, on the shelves back of the over doors, to supply all vacant places. There were catalogues, reports, books, magazines, medical works, old volumes of essays and quotations, school books, and a perfect medley of miscellaneous literature. Could not these be sold for old paper? No! Every book that we selected, to lay aside, was finally retained for some good and sufficient reason. A most troubled feeling commenced to lay hold upon us. It was evident we could not part with the books; what should we do with them? The bindings were mostly worn, torn, and faded, and would look out of place among the new books. To be sure they might be rebound; but that would not obviate the further difficulty of the other case being sufficiently large to hold but a dozen or two more volumes. With a sigh we unlocked the central portion of the troublesome piece of furniture. There were three drawers, twelve pigeon-holes, and some racks, all full of receipts, mortgages, insurance policies, bills, statements, cards, addresses, bank vouchers, business letters, private letters, catalogues, and a heterogeneous mass of papers and treasures, that was appalling! But few of them could be destroyed, and where should we keep the rest?

With gloomy faces we closed the secretaire, and passed on to the desk, that was free of access to all the family. In one side box, was enough cord and twine to keep a grocery supplied for some days; in the opposite one were keys, screws, nails, a screw-driver, gimlet, and

various little articles of general use. There were inkstands of various patterns, and bottles of ink of various makers. The varnish for Emma's leaves, boxes of pens, of stamps, of technicals, of pencils, of fancy paper and envelopes, and games. There were Mollie's tatting, some fancy neckties waiting to be cleaned, some odd rolls of ribbon and lace. There were papers and envelopes of all size and kinds, post-office guides, blank books, magazines, clippings for scrap-books, unanswered letters, paper-cutters, ink-erasers, blotting-pads, pen-wipers, etc., etc., *ad infinitum*. We didn't even try to touch this compartment, but passed hurriedly to the enclosed shelves behind.

There were the children's scrap-books, the baby's box of playthings, Emma's boxes of assorted autumn leaves, boxes of puzzles, portfolios, packs of cards and cribbage-board, boxes of buttons, sewing-silks, materials for patch flowers, work-baskets, some small locked desks of long-cherished mementoes—not to mention several dozen other articles—and actual despair again took possession of our souls!

"Don't you think we'd better keep the old book-case?" suggested some one, rashly.

"Keep it! of course we will have to keep it!" said I, indignantly; "such a horrid, hateful, battered, old-fashioned thing as this, too! I wonder if any other family in the country is afflicted by such a *deluge* as this personal and domestic. I wouldn't mind my disappointment so much if it were a matter concerning which a body would ever have any sympathy!"

"My dear," said some one, thoughtfully, after I had thus complacently delivered myself, "couldn't you put it in next week's *Sunshine*? I wouldn't wonder if a great many families, like ours, suffer under the possession of an *omnium-gatherum*."

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

## ENJOYMENTS.

WHAT a variety of ways there are in which people enjoy themselves! Some people find enjoyment in the personal and domestic, or interesting paper, and while their attention is thus absorbed they are entirely oblivious as to what the outside world is about. The printed pages have an intensely great charm for them. To call knowledge is the chief delight. They never weary in following a narrative where the men and women are the heroes—for men and women have enacted, and are still enacting, brave and gallant deeds. Well, this reading is good for them; they are made better by it; they will live for some higher and nobler purpose for it. Books open to us new lives; they prevent us from living too much upon the practical side of life; they make us forget the many cares and troubles which beset us, and time is passed in reading, which might be less profitably employed.

There are some who do not take to books and vote periodicals a bore. Give them hunting, fishing, swimming, riding, boating, or sports of any kind and they are happy. Anything to do with the open air, at seasonable times, and they will never seem dull to them. How can it be, when they have sleighing, coasting and skating to pass away the time? This exercise is healthy, if it is not carried to too great an extent. The enjoyment is harmless and encourages the body and invigorates the system. Merry hearts, ruddy faces and strong constitutions are the results of this out-door enjoyment. Don't strive to discourage persons from finding pleasure in the open air, at seasonable times, and in appropriate places. Too much staying in the house causes too many visits to the physician and apothecary.

Some persons find their greatest enjoyment in attending to their church duties and in going upon doing good. They do not leave their Christianity in their pew, when they leave church, only to be thought of when they visit the edifice again. They take it with them wherever they go and carry it into every act they perform. It makes their own and the neighbor's lives happier, and surely the enjoyment one can have in doing good is hard to estimate the worth of.

Everywhere, all over this earth, millions are living deeds of kindness, giving of their bounties, stretching forth the helping hand, encouraging the weak and despondent, raising up those who have fallen by the wayside and whispering hope into the ears of those who seemed to have lost all hope. Is it not a beautiful object to reflect upon these millions and angels who are doing good and obeying the Golden Rule? Yet there is work enough for millions more. There never can be too many doers of good, because "the poor you have always with you."

Other people take an insane delight in making others miserable and uncomfortable. They make sport of our griefs, ridicule our infirmities, jest upon subjects which we hold sacred, talk scandal about those we love, growl into our ears unpleasant tidings, and enjoy themselves by making us wretched. They are no "angels of mercy"—they more resemble demons of uncharitableness. Their unkind speeches strike us more keenly than would a blow from their hands. How hateful is their presence and how agreeable is their absence! How costly their pleasure in such questionable enjoyment! I never could discover the answer to that riddle, and I fear it is one of those knots that witches are said to tie—hard to loosen.

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"And if ever we meet in heaven, I wouldn't think it quite so good as the other better for having quarreled here."

Because I don't believe we feel any better for having quarreled. I don't think we feel any happier for doing so, in this life, and I do think heaven would lose half its joys were the first person to meet in it the one with whom I had been angry on earth.

Enjoy yourselves all you can, but let it be in a manner that is rational, healthful and Christianlike.

EVIL LAWLESS.

## YOU, GIRLS!

GIRLS do not always know their power. It is far greater than they think; and, were they true and brave enough to exert it, they might almost in a generation revolutionize society about them. Exert your power for good upon your young men; give them privilege and enjoy your society. Gentle and good, be also brave and true. Try to exhibit the ideal of a woman—a pure and a good woman—whose life is mightily as well as beautiful in its maidenly dignity and attractive loveliness. Do not let it seem that dress and frivolous conversation are the only things that lift the elevation of your character and the usefulness of your life lift up the man that walks by your side. Some of you are in intimate associations, which, under exchanged promises, look forward to a marriage, and then, in the relation. In these hours do nothing but good, but everything to refine and ennoble each other's character.

## SLOVENLY GRAMMAR.

It is impossible to make an angel of a young lady who persistently uses bad grammar. No matter how lovely she may be, or how attractive her outside appearance, all that goes for naught if she says, "Good-mornin'" and "Good-evenin'." Suppose she come, like the Queen of Sheba, with a very great train, and fall to put detectives after her prepositions, will it not mar the glory of her coming? Seriously, should a woman be called "graceful" who continually stumbles over her final consonants, and says, "Lemme go," "a good 'ol," "swee-rate," "I 'an't see that blottin'-paper?" It's a pleasant thing to hear from the lips of your first-teacher, your own especial beloved one, that she resolutely declined young Phitkins' invitation to the theater, but when the artless

maid half-closes her eyes and murmurs, "If he came for me in a golden chariot I wouldn't have went," you don't feel so comfortable, so negligently ease, as you were before that last remark of Araminta's. Women should not deceive themselves. The most uncouth, illiterate man knows what elegant and correct English is when he hears it. He may not be able to string three words enough himself, but he sniffs the harmony of a rounded sentence from afar. It is instinctive. See how workmen hang upon the words of an orator. Of his meaning they know little or nothing, but the "energy, number and cadence" they catch, and the harmonious sound pleases the ear.

## Foolscap Papers.

### Winter Styles.

BOYS.

A BOY this winter will be a boy, and a good deal of it.

Boys' pants will be cut this season behind with a wide edge, the style of the cut will be in keeping with the state of the old man's temper, and the exigencies of the occasion, and they will have springs—a good many about that time. They will be devotionally out at the knees, with pockets large enough to carry a jump shop. They will also be ornamented with stripes, which the school-master will put on to suit his taste, in the most improved fashion. An elegant pair of boys' pants can be built out of the old gentlemen's old ones, and, if lined with velvet, will last long time; and the buttons should be riveted on.

Jackets will be made short for convenience sake, as coat-tails are very much in the way. Shingles in the back of the jacket will be worn by school-boys this season. The jacket will have a variety of buttons in front, to suit the taste. A few little grease-spots can be fastened on at ornamental intervals, and a few patches placed neatly here and there will lend an easy grace to the garment, and will be a good deal better than holes in the elbows will answer well enough, if real ones cannot be procured handy. The jacket should occasionally be warmed by tanning with a switch.

Collars will be worn, and if any boy is out of them, he will be a snow-bald through a window, and get collared by a policeman. A boy's clothes will be just exactly warm enough to go out in the snow and play all day, but too thin to run on an errand; and a boy this winter can live for some higher and nobler purpose for it. Books open to us new lives; they prevent us from living too much upon the practical side of life; they make us forget the many cares and troubles which beset us, and time is passed in reading, which might be less profitably employed.

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## Topics of the Time.

—THERE is a considerable commerce in toads between France and England. A toad of good size, and in fair condition, will fetch about twenty-five cents in the London market, and a dozen of the extra quality are worth five dollars. Market gardeners employ them to keep down vermin.

—Why should the miners who have had such bad luck in the Black Hills go to the Big Horn or the Little Horn? A beautiful gold mine has been discovered at East Middlebury, Vt. The average is only \$10 to the ton, to be sure, but there is excellent trout-fishing close by. There are in the Green Mountains Yankee maidens with high-cheek-bones and enormous appetites, but there are no Indians. A miner's scalp will be perfectly safe there.

—The first time that Gen. Custer set his hands to writing upon his future life was when he was fifteen years old, and going to school in Monroe, Mich. Going along the street one day, the rough, black-headed, freckle-faced boy passed a little black-eyed, eighty-year-old girl swinging on a gate. She was a pretty little creature, her father's pet, an only child, and naturally spoiled. She said angrily, her little face dimpling with smiles: "Hello! you Custer boy!" Then, frightened at her own temerity, turned and fled into the house. It was love at first sight with the wild young man, fifteen, and he then and there vowed that some day that small girl should be his wife. And so she was, but only after many years' wait, for Judge Bacon, pretty Lizzie's father, was for a long time obdurate toward the young man who he feared was fickle and unstable, and his daughter and her suitors were most patiently to his will until at last he relented.

—One of the most wonderful cities in the world is Bangkok, the capital of Siam. On either side of the wide majestic stream, moored in regular streets and alleys, extending as far as the eye can reach, 70,000 neat little houses, each containing a family, are packed together. The whole intermediate space of the river is one dense mass of ships, junks, and boats of every conceivable shape, color and size.

Eugenie Bonaparte, the ex-empress, has grown old and very stout, and no longer wears her hair, which has taken on a pepper and salt hue. The prince imperial is "a good-looking young fellow, with a flourishing mustache, and a pair of soft blue eyes, which he uses with much interest in the Florence art galleries, where he at present spends much of his time.

—Shakespeare, Scott, Dickens, Harriet Beecher Stowe, The Arabian Nights, and other people and books are to be represented in a queer "Carnival of Authors," which is to be held in Baltimore in February. It is to be a sort of fair in which each author's work is represented in a booth fitted up to represent some scene in some work of whatever author she chooses, her assistants being appropriately arrayed after the fashion of the book's characters.

—An American lady who had been visiting friends in Canada crossed the St. Lawrence at Cape Vincent last week, and courteously invited the customs officials to examine her baggage. "There is nothing but wearing apparel in the trunks," she remarked, with a pretty smile. The officer unlocked the largest trunk, and inside he found a heap of stockings and overturning a layer of dress materials, pounced upon a dozen bottles of French brandy. "Do you call this wearing apparel?" he asked, sternly. "Why," replied the lady, "they are my husband's nightcaps."

—The new sultan has a great passion for art and carpentry and wood-carving, and regularly practices these handicrafts in a private workshop. Probably the most potent person in Turkey after his majesty, is Carl Jensen, a Mecklenburg German, who was so long employed in the sultan's harem, and is now a successful and a famous carver that he became Hamid's sole confidant. Carl is received with marked familiarity in the imperial palace, is permitted to chat with the sultan's chief eunuchs, and has already excited the demonstrative jealousy of an army of exalted personages.

—Round the world tourists crossing the Pacific en route for Japan, on arriving at the 18th degree of longitude, drop a day from their reckoning. The returning ship adds a day to its reckoning. It happened to the Rev. Dr. Field, crossing this meridian on the 18th of June, which fell on a Sunday, to enjoy two successive Sundays in mid-ocean, one of which was the Sunday of Asia, the other of America and Europe. The reverend chronicler sadly records the fact that many of his fellow-voyagers, in their perplexity as to which day ought to be observed, failed to keep either day, and instead of gaining two Sundays, lost the one which was theirs of right.

—Weigh a pig; give him three pails of swill, and then weigh him again; he will weigh no more. This is the theory of the pig, and it was most successfully refuted at Clinton, Mass., on Thanksgiving day. At a family reunion there were four solid, one solid daughter, three average daughters-in-law, a medium-sized son-in-law, and enough grandchildren to swell the party to fifteen souls, and as many stomachs. The united weight of this family before dinner was 1,862 pounds; the united weight after dinner was 1,874 pounds; the net gain representing the weight of the dinner actually eaten was 354 pounds; the average gain per stomach was 23-3/4 pounds; the maximum gain of the largest dinner eater, was 454 pounds; the minimum gain was 34 pounds. The pig theory is hereby discontinued until further notice.

—Thrilling stories were told by reformed drunkards at Mr. Moody's temperance meeting in Chicago lately. One of the witnesses stated that he had been drinking for thirteen years, and had not stopped longer than six months at a time after he had taken the oath time after time. He had gone before a justice of the peace, and had signed the pledge with his own blood, drawn from his arm by a penknife. He had sworn not to drink for a year, under the penalty that he was to be sent to the penitentiary and in which he had broken the oath, and he had only escaped the penitentiary by stepping out of town. He had committed every crime but murder. He had broken up half a dozen happy homes. Two years ago he had married a Christian girl, and made her life miserable. He had seen her walking about the house with only one dress, and with tattered clothes and even then she stole the little change there was in her pocket and spent it for drink. Four weeks ago he had wandered into the Tabernacle, and he had now his sins were forgiven. He had lost his appetite not only for drink but for tobacco.

—Mrs. Elizabeth Coxeter, aged 102, has lately died at Newbury, England, in one of King John's almshouses. In her last illness her daughter, aged 60, watched over her. Mrs. Coxeter was born on the 1st of February, 1778, and lived a girl fourteen years of age heard John Wesley preach at Witney. She married on the 8th of December, 1792, her husband being Mr. Coxeter, the merchant, who, on behalf of Sir Trogmorston, Bart, undertook and carried out the remarkable feat, on the 25th of June, 1811, of manufacturing wool into cloth and wearing the same for Sir Trogmorston's use between the hours of sunrise and sunset. This event occurred at Greenham Mills, Newbury, and the achievement was celebrated by rejoicings in which five thousand persons participated. The old lady retained her mental faculties until quite recently, and on her one hundredth birthday she repeated the Old Hundredth Psalm to several members of her family.

—The exposure of spiritualist mediums has become as common an incident in England as it was in the United States last summer. A lighted candle, however, the English does better than the American; he does not rest content with laying bare the humbug; he drags the impostor into the police court. About twenty days ago William Lawrence was charged at the Thames Police Court with obtaining a shilling from a clerk by subtle craft and deception. The figure of a Turk, dressed in white from head to foot, and had a turban on his head, he rose suddenly and wound his stout arms around the clerk, and the two struggled across the room toward the curtain where the light of a lamp outside the house shone in, and the features of the medium were revealed. "Oh, you impostor!" cried the clerk, releasing him. "Don't expose me, for the sake of my wife and children," was the whispered reply. The clerk took pains to prosecute the swindler. In the United States the machinery of the courts is seldom set in motion in such cases. The game is not considered worth the candle. The impostor sneaks out of town, changes his name, and brings out another stock of "psychic" manifestations in the next town.

## Readers and Contributors.

Declined: "The Saint Annual," "The Old Year," "The Gates to Gad," "A New Piece of Old News," "When Greek Meets Turk," "The Best of Reasons," "A Life Won."

Accepted: "The Land of Blissful Rest," "My Symptoms," "Seeking," "Obscurity," "Was I Sin," "The Three Calls," "The New Scholar," "A Wish Too Soon," "Miss Grimes' Old Visitor."

Authors will please not write on small pages that compel cramped and minute photography. Manuscript that is hard to read is disliked by editor and compositor alike. Many a good thing is tossed aside as unavailable because it is not easily deciphered.

BERT. The person named is alive and well.

ADDIE L. Use roses and charcoal on the teeth.

ELIAS, JR. Hunters long ago started for the trapping grounds.

PENN. SCHOOLS. Study algebra, of course, after arithmetic. It is splendid training for the mind, as well as very useful.

W. L. H. The second author named is *exclusive* on this paper. He writes serials for nobody else. The other you will probably hear from, in due time.

ANDREW R. Had to say no to the MS. It was youthful—not crude but immature. You'd do better as you see and know more of life. Try the boys' papers for awhile as a kind of school exercise.

MELVILLE. "Sympathetic" inks are simply a weak solution of sulphuric acid, which is invisible until heated, then shows black on the paper; lemon juice shows brown, and a solution of cobalt shows green or blue.

H. E. W. Poem with many good lines has some that are very prosy. The line between prose and poetry expression may be indefinite, but is quick to be appreciable to a correct ear. A poem ranged or studded in utterance, is in imminent danger of becoming but rhymed or rhythmic prose.

PENNY L. Admissions at West are not only had first by an appointment. Each Congressman nominates a candidate; then this candidate has to attend an examination, which is quite rigid, and a great many fail to pass it. Write to the general office for catalogue giving information.

MISS A. N. Auburn. Thanks. A few such good friends as you in every city and town would give our paper enormous circulation, and we would hear from you or your friends in the way of correspondence or inquiry. We seek to render this department eminently useful and helpful.—The Parson's Daughter is such a fact.—You are not old enough to think of marriage.

M. M. An only daughter and sister can count upon more attention than if there were several girls in the family to share favors, but a quickness of response ought not to breed indifference to the value of the attentions bestowed. Study to please; strive to make your brothers and sisters love you, and never fail to do for them what will most attach them to you. A sister having an elder brother makes a great mistake indeed when she looks to others for company and favors. Show for your brother a fondness that he will delight to reciprocate, and you will find your own happiness greatly promoted, and your influence over him for his good greatly enhanced.

G. T. W. We cannot name the flower, but will find out what it is if you will send along another copy of the flower, and let us know its name, let us read what is sent in, in order to obtain the very best. Try some of the popular papers.

Room No. 6, Princeton. The dizziness, of which you complain, is probably caused by a cold, or by study in a close room. Air and exercise much of benefit, but if the symptoms are as serious as you describe, you should lose no time in consulting a physician.

Mrs. T. E. De W. To remove the tar from your silk dress rub upon the spot some hog's lard. After this is thoroughly absorbed by the silk, rub soap upon the place and allow it to remain for a few days; then wash in benzine, and allow a current of water to fall from a height continuously upon the reverse side of the dress. Use the best dandruff is powdered chalk. Use this once a day; after each meal cleanse your teeth thoroughly with a brush and clear water. The teeth should be especially brushed before retiring at night.

C. T. W. Lovell, Pa., writes: "I am very much troubled over a certain matter and come to you for help. Last summer I met a young man, who, I thought, with whom I fell in love. In order to further our acquaintance, I asked her to correspond with me, which she has done, and she writes in a very friendly way. I thought of confessing to her soon, my love, when she wrote me that she was engaged. Now, would it be wrong for me to tell her my love? At least, could I allow it to remain? My hopes have been? Or must I give her up entirely without her even knowing that I desired to have her for my wife? If she has been married, I am sure she would think more seriously over the matter before she decided against me. She said nothing about confessing to me her engagement, so I do not want to continue to write to her. When the lady has told you of her engagement, to allow your love for her would be to betray and insult the confidence she has placed in you. And would you desire to marry a young woman who, having plighted her love and troth to one man, would lightly turn and bestow it upon another? Evidently the lady has corresponded with you as a friend, and there is no reason why her engagement should terminate a friendly correspondence. If you wish to continue to write to her, let her know that you are a friend, and she will be sure to love you. Love to her. So prove yourself worthy her friendship and console yourself with the thought that 'there are as good fish as the dead ones.'"

LOLA SEARLES, TEXAS, writes: "I am one of quite a large family, and I am chosen to write to you and ask if you can suggest a new game for us to play evenings; something that will be quiet and instructive for the girls. Suppose you try the game of 'Twenty Questions.' You leave the room while the others fix upon the name of some historical or famous personage. You then ask a question, in each of which you play, until you have asked twenty, to each of which only 'Yes' or 'No' shall be answered, as 'Is it a man?' 'No.' 'A foreigner?' 'Yes.' 'An Englishman?' 'Yes.' 'A genius?' 'Yes.' 'A historian?' 'No.' 'A novelist?' 'Yes.' 'Have I read any of her books?' 'Yes.' 'Is she living?' 'No.' 'Did she live in this century?' 'Yes.' Perhaps you will now guess Charlotte Bronte. If that was a wrong guess, you still have eleven questions. The players become guessers in rotation."

MARIE L. T. Cornwall, asks: "Will you please tell me and my cousin what is a nymph, and a satyr, and why the ocean is called Old Neptune? It would be well, in future, when writing to yourself and another person, to mention your last, as: 'My cousin and me.' There are no nymphs nor satyrs; they are creatures of mythology. Nymphs were beautiful females, deities, and supposed to inhabit all regions of earth and water, as Orades, Mountain nymphs; Naiades, Wood-nymphs; Nades, River-nymphs. Satyrs were frolicsome attendants upon the god of wine, Bacchus. They are painted and sculptured with feet like goats, bald heads, and long curly hair. The ocean is sometimes called 'Old Neptune' because the god of the sea was Neptune."

"MISSIE" wishes to know if, when a young lady speaks of her lover before third persons, she should use his Christian or surname, and if the same rule which would apply to that case would govern a wife's mention of her husband before a mixed company. When speaking of a lover before any but intimate friends use his surname. And a husband and



## "GOD'S ACRE."

BY MRS. ADDIE D. ROLLSTON.

Here sleep within this hallowed ground  
The old, the young, the grave, the gay,  
Deaf to the wooing song of spring,  
Blind to the golden light of day,  
Forever through the drooping boughs  
Of gloomy cypress comes the moan  
Of sweeping winds, that ever tell  
Their whispers in an undertone.  
The very skies seem full of woe,  
E'en though they shine with radiance fair,  
And flowers that blossom brightly here  
A sad, sweet beauty ever wear!

I pause beside a tiny grave,  
Sweet with the flowers of blushing spring,  
Where violets lift their purple blooms,  
And summer birds their matins sing.  
A little hand seems stretching out  
Across the mystic, dim Unknown,  
And kisses warm from baby-lips  
Seem with a thrill to meet my own!  
Oh! violet eyes, forever sealed;  
Oh! snowy hands, forever stilled;  
There is an empty void where once  
A little presence sweetly filled!

Here, gleaming whitely in the sun,  
A marble column stands a mound  
Where slumbers one whose life was pure,  
Whose generous deeds were once renowned.  
But long ago the voice was hushed,  
The tired heart with agony  
The weary hands, freed from life's toil,  
Were folded on a pulseless breast!  
And yet through long and bitter years,  
Despite the grave that lay between,  
One mourned with hopeless grief his loss,  
And kept his memory fresh and green!

And here, within this oak-tree's shade,  
Forgot, neglected and alone,  
I find a sunken, nameless grave;  
Unmarked by e'en the simplest stone.  
And yet mayhap in some far home  
A mother watched with hopeful eyes  
The coming of a much-loved form  
That in eternal stillness lies.  
Watched till the heart grew sick with fear,  
For words came not from lips grown dumb,  
And ne'er again through twilight's gloom  
The eager tread of feet will come!

And oh! the fond hopes buried here!  
The radiant dreams that darkly fled,  
When loved ones wept their bitter tears  
Above the shroud of death's cold bed.  
And some are left to walk life's way,  
Who long with fierce and bitter pain  
To rest with those that ne'er will walk  
In any earthly path again!

Yet He who notes the sparrow's fall,  
Looks down on every clime and land,  
And guards with watchful eye the fate  
The smallest creature of His hand!

And so when starry evening comes,  
The calm, still twilight of the years  
That endeth all life's pain and toil,  
And covers loss and sorrow's tears;  
It will be sweet to slumber here,  
Where violet flowers shed their perfume rare,  
And through the summer's leafy boughs  
The sunlight falls with splendor fair.  
Sweet then to lay each burden down,  
The brooding cares that vexed us so,  
And in eternal slumbers sweet  
No earthly losses e'er to know!

## Cecile's Two New Years'.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

OUTSIDE the snow was falling thickly, noiselessly; the branches of the trees were wrapped an inch or more deep in their cloaks of feathery whiteness, and the fall evergreens that seemed standing on guard on either side of the entrance to the house, looked wondrously beautiful in their white and green array.

Far and near reigned the unbroken silence that comes with a veritable, old-fashioned snow-storm. No wind, no biting cold, and, as yet, no sound of sleigh-bells, that even in the village of Markham would ring merrily and constantly when the storm should cease, and the roads, piled two feet high, already, should "be broken."

Within the large double house on the main street—the house guarded so royally by the arrow-straight, majestic pines, the streaming lights from the windows that gleamed brightly even through the thickly-falling snow, gave token that there was pleasant comfort, at least, within. And there was—there could not fail of being happy hearts and sunny faces in the Hazleton household, for many reasons; chiefest of which was—on the morrow, the glad New Year, Cecile was to be married. Cecile, the youngest daughter, with her sweet, blue eyes, like a June sky, that had captivated more hearts than her betrothed's—the quiet, grave, gentlemanly man who was sitting opposite the grate, talking to Mr. Hazleton.

He was all of twenty years older than Cecile, John Duval was; and other people besides himself wondered how he ever had come to be so infatuated with the saucy, golden-haired Cecile, not yet nineteen.

Other people wondered with surprise—he himself with thrills of glad, worshipful joy, when ever he looked at the girl who, on the morrow, was to crown his life with perfection.

He had known her only a year, and that year had taught him the strength and depth of an affection he had never accredited himself with. A year of strange surprise on his part, at the first, when he found how the girl could sway him at her merest caprice. Then weeks and weeks of alternate hope and fear, lest he should not find favor in her sight—then such wild joy, such ecstasy of delight, when her own sweet, pouting lips had confessed she loved him.

He was perfectly content after that. He would not have changed places with a living man on earth; he waited so impatiently and expectantly for the time when he might take her in his arms, forever and ever his very own.

And now—this snowy, silent night—this New Year's eve was at hand; and the morrow, whether shrouded in snow clouds, or bathed in joyous sunshine, was his and Cecile's wedding day.

Every thing was in readiness; the bride's trunks were packed and standing in the hall. The dainty gray traveling suit in the wardrobe, and the gloves and kid boots were only awaiting the moment when Cecile should don them. In New York, miles away from the quiet little New Jersey village, the pleasant home was in readiness for them; and at the very moment that John Duval sat by the glowing fire in Cecile's home, the fire in his own house was blazing and burning merrily in anticipation of his glad coming on the morrow.

He might have been thinking of that, or something equally pleasant for the tender happiness on his face deepened, and a mute, adoring light leaped into his grave, earnest eyes, as the outer door closed and the parlor door opened, admitting Cecile—a tiny, graceful girl, with yellow-gold hair, starred with big snow-flakes, and cheeks of rare peachy freshness.

Duval looked at her, wonderingly; then anxiously.

"You haven't been out in this storm, Cecile! What if you should catch cold?"

She laughed as she threw back the little scarlet cloud that had been blown over her head.

"Indeed, I have been out! It's just glorious! Why, I have been gone an hour. Didn't you miss me?"

How pretty, how piquant she was. It was little wonder Duval's heart was full of proud joy. Even Mr. Hazleton imbued the charm of her presence.

"Nobody else thought of you, madcap. It isn't of the least consequence, if you haven't caught cold, and enjoyed the storm."

Cecile turned a flushed, eager face toward him; and John Duval wondered if the exhilaration of the air had lent such brilliant excitement to her eyes.

"Enjoyed myself! It is the happiest night of my life!"

He just glanced at her bewitching face, and just caught a glimpse of the effect of her own words; then, with a graceful little gesture of her sunny head, averted her face.

"You two proxy gentlemen are welcome to your fire and grave discussion of stocks. I sha'n't

disturb you, I think—for awhile. Where's Nell, papa? In the dining-room. John—take care of papa till I come back!"

She threw him a kiss—her face all alight with such wondrously beautiful excitement, and went out into the hall, her skirts rustling as they trailed over the carpeting, her feet pattering swiftly as she ascended the stairs.

Half an hour afterward, Mrs. Hazleton came swiftly into the room, holding a slip of paper in her hand; her face white as the snow outside, a great, speechless agony in her eyes.

Mr. Hazleton sprang to his feet in alarm. John Duval, with a sharp anguish of fear on his face, waited, as if for the confirmation of some terribly-vague, suddenly-born suspicion.

The mother dropped the notelet from her trembling fingers into her husband's outstretched hand.

"Read it; can it be true?—convince me it is not true!"

Mr. Hazleton read the four lines aloud, in a voice that from alarm and great astonishment grew to stern relentlessness.

"Mamma, dear mamma," it said, in Cecile's unmistakable handwriting—"don't let papa and dear old John be angry with me; I know you will not be when you know I have gone with Fred—we were married at the parsonage an hour ago. I love him, and he loves me better than all the world."

And that was one New Year eve.

Year after year had added its softening memories to the past, until seven New Year's days had come and gone, and 1875, with its clear skies and crisp frosty air had come right royally in, laden with its cheer and welcome to thousands of happy, hopeful hearts.

But, for all the flowing wines, the garlanding evergreens, the branching holly, the mirth and joyousness, the glad wishes and ardent benisons, there were aching hearts on the bright sunny Friday, January 1st, 1875; and no heart ached more deeply, or less constantly, than John Duval's—proud, stern, reticent man that he was, and doubly so since the night, seven years ago, when Cecile Hazleton had dashed the cup, already brimming, from his lips. That had been a frightful blow to him—one that, at the first, completely prostrated him, one that laid him on his back, in a low fever of raging delirium for weeks. Then, when he recovered, a mere shadow of his former self, a quiet, patient, enduring, yet hopeless man, he knew Cecile had hit harder than she meant to.

At first, he could not forgive her. Hard thoughts at her daring duplicity, that made him the dupe, at her cruel deception, at her heartless indifference, raged against her. Then, as the years went on, and he never saw her, or heard

figure, so slight, so graceful, so full of nervous enthusiasm. Then he smiled sadly.

"I think not your Cecile, boy. She is twenty-two or three years old, and you—"

"I am just twenty-two—I know I look young."

"Yes, you do—and, you have a Cecile, too?"

A moment's silence, then he began to speak in a low, eager tone, that grew furious as he went on.

"You have a Cecile—you—a Cecile, you, a beautiful girl! You dare look forward to happiness with a woman who bears the name she—but say, boy, what Cecile do you love? Tell me her name!" he demanded, hotly.

A quick averting of the face, a perceptible shivering of the figure, and then a low, half reluctant answer, as if the man's violence alone commanded it.

"Cecile—Cecile Gasten."

It was almost whispered, but Duval heard it, and staggered back to his chair.

"My God!—Cecile Gasten—and you know her—love her—"

The lad's voice interrupted him.

"Did I say I loved her? Do you love her? Tell me you do, and—"

Duval laughed. Was this boy taunting him, daring him?

"Do I love her—the woman who deserted me on my marriage eve, seven years ago to-night? Do I love her—fair, false, fickle? Do I love her, the only woman I ever kissed in my life, who has wrecked my life, and made me a ghost among the shadows of the past, out of which I can never escape?—Yes, I love her."

He looked at the boy almost sneeringly, in his own great, grand superiority, and then suddenly grew mute, paralyzed with astonishment, to see him rush across the space between them and fall sobbing at his feet, clasping his knees with his clinging arms.

"John!—John! don't you know me? Oh, forgive me!—forgive me that I have dared do this—that I have ventured to be near you—the only man I ever loved! Can you forgive me, John—will you?"

The wig fell off, and Cecile's golden hair streamed over her shoulders, as he had seen it so often.

"Cecile!" He said the word, gaspingly, wonderingly, with a great fear, a great doubt, a great bliss struggling in his face.

"It is I—when I wash off the dye you will see—but, John!—John!—tell me you will forgive me—I am a widow, for five weary years—and I want you to say what you said a moment ago. I know I wrecked your life, but can I not make amends? John, may I?"

And, just as the midnight bells rung in the glad New Year, Cecile's new life began.

On other occasions he was practicing at circus performances, gazing with deep wonder into shop windows, or otherwise disposing of his valuable time.

His companions were surprised at Pete's impetuous manner of breaking up their games, and sending him down for a pint of ale. He'll step round himself and square off the reckoning with you. So he says.

"Tell Johnny Logan that we're doing a cash business now," the inn-keeper, would reply.

"And get out that door, sudden!"

"An empty pitcher's easier to carry than a full one; that's logic," was Pete's rejoinder.

"Think it wouldn't be hard to carry you, for you're the emptiest beat I ever did see."

Such remarks were usually followed by a hasty business call for Pete in the street.

His next demand might be in some business concern.

"Any work to-day for a poor boy, mister?"

"What sort of work are you used to?"

"Kin do most any thing. Jist say what you want me fer, and you kin bet I'm good at that."

"We want you to-day for nothing."

"You've hit it there, mister. That's jist what I've been brung up to. I tell you I'm a coon at doin' nothin'."

And so he would keep it up, spreading his impudence indiscriminately, until fortune brought him again within view of Colonel Green.

The associates of the colonel were also objects of great interest to him. Not one of the more familiar of these but what Pete honored with a share of his special attention.

But among them he saw no one reminding him of the person with whom he had heard Colonel Green speak of Minnie Ellis.

One day he thought he had a glimpse of this individual, passing the colonel in the street, with a seeming gesture of recognition. But, as before, he saw only his back, and soon lost sight of it.

All this was very discouraging to the boy. There was nothing to show that Colonel Green had any deeper interest at stake than the needs of eating and sleeping at his boarding-house, of

Got my left eye on you, kurnel. When I take aim with the left eye it never misses. Think I'll jist take a quiet walk through the woods. Hope you ain't got no objections, kurnel. You and me ain't never been interduced, or I mought jine you."

The wood soon ended in an open, farming country. The colonel here took a narrow lane, which led him through a range of farms, and into another piece of woodland, some two miles forward.

Pete had plodded along in his rear, managing to avoid the suspicious glances which the colonel cast back, or to appear as a rustic farm-hand, without a thought above turnips.

Once in the woods again, concealment was easier.

On leaving this strip of woodland Colonel Green emerged upon the bank of the river, at a wild-looking place.

It was a small clearing, which had been abandoned, while a thick growth of bushes had replaced the felled trees, some of whose trunks were yet visible in the long grass.

The line of woods stretched around it and touched the river-bank beyond.

Near the river lay the deserted cabin of the settler, a two-story log hut. The upper story seemed to have been added more recently, and was built of roughly-planned boards.

Decay appeared to have seized upon the original log structure, and the whole affair had a rickety aspect.

Pete hung back in the shadow of a huge oak while the colonel walked rapidly across the intervening space and disappeared within the door of the hut.

The boy remained for some time in his hiding-place, not thinking it advisable to show himself too soon, and indulging in one of his customary soliloquies.

"Tired, kurnel Green; if you ain't, Pickyune Pete don't know beans. I'm fur you, boss. You've got the gal in that shanty, and I'm jist the feller to bring her out of there, or blow up. Look out, kurnel, Pete's a-coming. Keep your left eye skinned, my military friend, or you're sold."

The low bushes surrounding the hut fully protected Pete's advance. He crept forward with the utmost caution, avoiding any noise, and was some twenty minutes in reaching the hut.

He had approached it from the rear. The old, moss-grown and decayed logs rose up like sentinels before him, partly covered by climbing vines.

There was no opening in the lower story, but a small window appeared in the side of the upper story just above him.

After reconnoitering the house to see that there was no one on the look-out, Pete returned to the rear.

The river ran here close by him, with a small sail-boat tied to the bank. The place seemed to have been used as a sort of fishing-station.

Without further hesitation Pete grasped the vines and the projections of the logs, and began cautiously to ascend.

With his agility and practice in gymnastic sports it was child's play to him, and in a minute or two he had grasped the sill of the window, and swung himself up so that his eyes commanded a view of the interior.

A small room was visible before him, an open door leading into a passage beyond, while a second closed door seemed to lead to a second apartment.

While he looked, this door opened and the form of Colonel Green appeared. The boy ducked his head quickly down, but not too soon to catch a glimpse of another form in the room beyond.

It was five minutes before he ventured to look again. The room was empty.

Cautiously raising the sash Pete slipped noiselessly through the open space, and stood within the room.

Before him was the passage, to his left a bolted door.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## A CAGED BIRD.

WE must return to Minnie Ellis, the mystery of whose disappearance yet remains unrevealed.

After leaving her school-companion, whom she had desired to go to the wood with her in search of spring flowers, she had concluded to go by herself.

It wanted yet two hours of supper-time; her cousin had not met her on her way home, as he had been in the habit of doing, and there was no good reason why she should not yield to her inclination.

It was about half a mile to the edge of the woodland, partly through sparsely-built streets, partly by a country lane.

The happy child passed rapidly over this distance, swinging her school-bag lightly in her hand, while the mild air played with her golden ringlets.

It was a charming spring afternoon. The whole landscape lay bathed in the rays of a genial sun. The sides of the lane were full of the beauty of greenward and modest flowers.

Bustling bees and gay-winged butterflies flitted from blossom to blossom. Birds sped from tree to tree, or greeted her from the roadside hedge with their sweetest songs.

Minnie hastened on delighted. Love of Nature was implanted deep in her soul, and there was a poetic fervor in her imagination that lent a double charm to scenes like this.

Within the woods the aspects of Nature changed, but were not less delightful to her. Every patch of sunlight that broke through the leaves and danced upon the cool forest-floor was a delight to her young soul. Every blue violet, every white berry-blossom was eagerly plucked. Step by step, in search of floral treasures, she sunk deeper into the woods.

The thoughtless child had failed to notice that a person had followed her, and was now in the wood close behind her.

It was not until he spoke that she became aware of the fact that she was not alone.

"Are you so fond of flowers?" spoke a voice behind her.

Minnie turned, half-alarmed, to see a well-built and well-dressed gentleman standing near her and smiling at her hasty movement.

She recognized him as a person she had often seen in town. Her alarm passed away on seeing a familiar face.

"I am very fond of them," she answered.

"But those are poor ones you have. I think I could easily find prettier."

"Oh, can you?" and her childish enthusiasm broke out. "But that would be too much trouble for you. Please tell me where I may find them."

"It will be no trouble. I was going further into the wood. There is plenty of wild honey-suckle there, and other handsome flowers."

"Why I thought I had been through the whole wood, but I know I never found any honey-suckle!" She walked on contentedly by his side. "Is it far?"

"Just past that clump of big trees."

The trees were reached and passed, but the promised flowers failed to appear.

She looked at him in surprise.

"I must have been mistaken," he said. "It was in some other part of the wood I saw the flowers."

"I won't trouble you, then, to show me," she said, "and I am ever so much obliged. I think I must be going home now."

"There is a tree of fine dogwood blossoms," he replied. "I can get you some of those."

Without waiting for a reply, he proceeded to gather some of the white flowers, leading her still deeper into the wood.

The child, in the delight of her acquisitions, forgot how late it was getting, or how far from home she was.

"Oh, dear!" she suddenly cried out, as they emerged upon the further border of the wood, "see how low the sun is. It must be supper time, and I am ever so far from home."

"Don't let that worry you, my child," he answered. "I have a carriage close by here, and will take you home."

"No, indeed! I could not put you to all that trouble."



"I am not Susie! I am not your niece! I want to go home! I will go home!"

## Nobody's Boy:

OR,  
THE STOLEN CHILD.

BY CHARLES MORRIS.

## CHAPTER VII.

PETE GOES A-FISHING AND HOLES A SHARK.

IT proved no light task which Pete had set himself. Colonel Green's first movement was to his home in the city. This was a half-hotel, half-boarding-house, in which it was evident that Minnie Ellis could not be concealed.

His next move was to a tavern which he was much in the habit of frequenting, a drinking establishment of no great odor of respectability in the city.

From this he proceeded to a mansion of more mysterious purpose, but of whose uses the ubiquitous boy was well aware.

It was a gambling establishment, in which the secrets of faro, poker, and roulette, were nightly taught to all who were willing to pay for their knowledge.

Working for a dead horse to-day," was Pete's growling comment. "Dunno what to make of the chap, any how. Looks as if he'd nothing in hand but eatin', drinkin', and gamblin', 'cept it's making speeches. He lets himself out some at speechifying, but I've a notion it was all playing possum. Got anything to say on that subject, Nicodemus?"

The dog answered by a series of discordant barks.

"Jist so, Nick. Jist what I think, too. You're a clear-headed dog; if you ain't, I'll cave. If I only understood a dog-talk a bit better now. No matter, Nicodemus; we've put in our day's work; let's go home and interview old Meg for supper. How's that, doggy?"

The cur gave his usual bark, on hearing his name spoken.

"That's so, Nick," continued Pete. "Pity but some more I know of had your brains. You mean you'll get more kicks than bones, and I'll get more tongue than beefsteak. Let her wag, Nick, we're seasoned oak, we kin stand it."

He was not far wrong in his anticipations. Old Meg was exasperated by his long absence and empty pockets, and gave him a very plain piece of her mind. But Pete had heard her eloquence before, and bore it like a hero.

This day was a copy of the two or three succeeding. Pete's business affairs were sadly neglected. He had nobler work on hand, and was intent on Colonel Green's way with a persistence that must have attracted that person's attention, only for the boy's shrewd mode of conducting the investigation.

Now he would be diligently playing marbles with some of the boys, in flow of the hands of the colonel. Now he would be teaching Nicodemus some new trick. Again, the mysteries of kite-flying or ball-playing would engage his at-

tributing at the taverns, or of gambling at the saloons.

His few days' absence might have been on an innocent business call. He had certainly spoken strongly in favor of energetic action, at the meeting, and the people looked on him as one favoring and counseling the most inflexible pursuit of the abductor.

But Pete was cross-grained, and did not readily take to new views.

"All sound, kurnel," he said to himself, "but I'm not sellin' out at half price. You're sailin' smooth, these days, that I'll gin in; but I've a notion there's rough water ahead. Can't git over that 'Minnie Ellis.' That sticks half-way down, kurnel. Ain't easy swallowed. Reckon I'll gin you my valuable attention a day or two longer."

The day or two more passed and then there was an explosion.

Old Meg—a cross, sour, profane, dried-up housekeeper—gave Pete a very considerable slice of her mind.

"I ain't keepin' a boardin'-house for the likes of you, you young imp," was her mild remark.

"You haven't brought the vally of a cent into the house these two weeks. Do you think, maybe, I'm goin' to fret my life and soul out, and scrub my hands out and bother my wits out fer such a dirty vagabond as you? I'll give you a taste of the broomstick that you'll not forget soon if— And what are you at now, for all the world?"

"Goin' a-fishin', Meg. Want to shet up your mouth with a big catfish."

"You best be lookin' for a job and trying to 'arn a decent livin', instead of wastin' your time over catfish. And you'll not bring a scale home, I know it."

"Cats don't have no scales, Meg," cried out Pete, laughing, as he made his way out of hearing of her eloquent remarks.

Pete's fishing-place that day lay down the river, several miles from the place where the reader has already seen him making havoc among the trees.

He had his usual good luck, and soon landed a respectable string of fish.

He had just strung these on a pliable twig, and deposited them in a pool of water, for the purpose of keeping them in condition, when his attention was drawn to the figure of a man passing through the woods that bordered this part of the river.

He was some distance away, and half-hidden by the trees, but there was something very familiar to Pete in the gray, cut-away coat, and the general figure and height of the man.

With the utmost haste the boy disposed of his fishing-tackle in a safe place, and started rapidly on the track of the person he had seen.

He soon brought him within view again, and followed now more cautiously, taking care to keep the tree-trunks between himself and the man in advance.

"Don't think you'd recognize me, kurnel," he said to himself, "and calculate I won't push myself on you. Mought be awkward, you know."

of her, a sad pitifulness came over him, as one thinks of the erring dead. Then, he came to remember only the sweetness that had charmed him—and Fred Gasten; until, under the influence of the years that had purified him, and made a nobler man of him, on this last New Year's eve—the dying hours of '74—John Duval sat thinking of the years between him and one other New Year's eve, with calm, gentle kindness.

The office was closed—had been closed hours ago—and yet he tarried in the warm silence; somehow, on these anniversary nights, home was a little painful to him. The same home he had made for Cecile, years ago, where he lived all alone, excepting a motherly old housekeeper and the corps of three servants.

So he sat in his office—he and the office-boy, who seemed to appreciate the depth and earnestness of Mr. Duval's meditation, for he kept at a respectful distance, among the shadows of the corner.

But, watching him—always watching him.

It was nearly eleven when Duval recollected himself, suddenly.

"I had no idea I was keeping you so long, Fred."

He called the boy's name, as he always did, and had never been able to help doing, with a visible effort, as if loath to frame the name.

To-night Fred answered—he was usually very still, but to-night he was bolder.

"I do not mind being late, half as much as you seem to mind speaking my name. Please tell me why you do so—don't I suit?"

Duval smiled indulgently; then a paleness crept over his face, a weariness that was utterly unutterable.

"I don't like your name, my boy. I have associations connected with the name that hurt me sorely—that are hurting me to-night."

The gas-light was shining softly on his face, and the boy looked eagerly at him.

"I don't like it, either—I hate it—yes, I hate the very sound of it, and everybody who is called by it."

The sudden burst of passion surprised Mr. Duval. He looked closely at the boy; as if in reproof.

"That is a strong word—too hard a word for a child like you to understand. If I should say I hated a man they call Fred—she said it so sweetly, and I used to wish my name were so beautiful for her sake—oh—Cecile! Cecile!"

The memories came swarming over him in overwhelming floods; his voice fairly wailed the name that had not passed his lips for years, and he covered his face—grand, suffering though it was—with his hands.

Something like a convulsive movement worked on the features of the boy; his dark eyes gazed with wistful intensity on his face; then, as the name of Cecile left Duval's lips, he sprang forward, excited, eager, with his eyes like stars.

"Cecile—Cecile! You know a woman named Cecile? Is it the Cecile I know, I wonder?" Duval looked compassionately at the trembling



"But I am going back to town, and it will be no trouble." "You are sure it will be no trouble?" she asked.

"Not the least. Are you not fond of riding?" "Oh, ever so fond, but I am afraid my aunt might not approve of my riding with a strange gentleman; I am sure madame would not."

"Madame? Who is madame?"

"Why, our teacher. At the Young Ladies' Select School, you know."

"Yes, yes, I know madame well. She would have no objection to my driving you home. I know your aunt also. Here is my carriage. Shall I help you in?"

They had now emerged up in the country lane that ran here by water betwixt the woods.

A partly-closed carriage, drawn by one horse, stood near them—the animal tied to a roadside tree.

It did not strike Minnie as strange that her new friend should have a carriage waiting for him in this out-of-the-way place. She was not aware that he had followed her on foot from the city.

She stood irresolute—half wishing for the offered ride, half dreading some blame for her imprudence.

He untied the horse, and led it to the middle of the road.

"Now, my dear, allow me," he said. Ere she had realized it, he had gently lifted her, and deposited her in the carriage.

"Are you not driving to her, and had started the horse down the road."

She felt rather pleased to be thus forced, as it were, to do as her wishes counseled. She was tired, and the walk home would have been a long one.

Minnie failed to see a figure that stood in the woods at a short distance, looking with sardonic pleasure at this incident. It was the figure of the person who had provided the carriage, and left it in this lonely situation.

"Are you not driving in the wrong direction?" she asked, laying her small hand upon his arm.

"No; the road winds below here. You will be home in twenty minutes."

"I am afraid you will be wondering what keeps me. It is past supper-time now."

"It is not six yet," he replied. "See, is not that beautiful?"

He pointed to where the sunlight struck upon a long reach of water before them, painting the ripple with a golden lustre.

"Oh, charming!" she cried. "And see yonder! that vessel! How prettily it stands out. You can see every rope against the sky. Don't they have a wonderful number of masts, and ropes, and sails aboard a vessel?"

"About some vessels they certainly do."

"But see, you are surely going wrong. There is the city behind us."

"I am not going wrong, my child. You will soon see that."

They passed several houses built by the roadside, and entered upon a more lonely reach of road.

Soon the carriage drove past a piece of woodland that seemed to stretch to the water's edge.

"Now you are going wrong," she said, in a frightened tone. "You have taken the wrong road, sir, I am sure. Aunt will be so worried about me."

"I believe I am wrong; that's a fact," he said, doubtfully. "I will drive down the way."

"I think I see a house through the trees there, where I can inquire."

He turned the horse into a narrow track through the woods, the trees on each side early grazing the carriage, while a misty evening gloom lay beneath the leafy arches.

Minnie looked eagerly and anxiously forward for the house he had spoken of. Her clear vision could detect nothing of the kind.

"Isn't it better turn back, sir?" asked the frightened child. "There is no house here, and it is growing ever so dismal."

"Yes, there it is now; I was sure I saw one."

They emerged into a small open space, with the river in the background, and a small log house in the center.

"Let me lift you out now, my child. I think we can find our way here."

"Let me rather stay here, if you please," she said, falteringly.

"No, no, you must be tired of the carriage."

He lifted her like a feather in his strong arms, and deposited her upon the ground.

Letting the horse stand, he grasped her hand and led her toward the hut.

Minnie held back, not yet quite sure whether she should distrust this new acquaintance. But, heedless of her hesitation, he drew her rapidly forward, and in a minute they had entered the hut.

They were in a sparsely-furnished room, in whose midst sat and rocked an ill-favored old woman.

"Mrs. Jones," he said, drawing the child toward her. "I have brought you my niece, Susie Thompson, as I promised. I wish you to take the best of care of her."

Minnie drew her hand out of his grasp, and stood looking at him with wide, fearful eyes.

"Very glad to see her," said the old woman, in a rasping voice. "Guess she and me will get along nice together."

"Why, what do you mean?" cried the child.

"Oh, sir, take me home! I must go home!"

"You are home, my dear. Mrs. Jones and you will keep house together for the present."

Minnie looked from one to the other, half-stupefied with surprise. Then she turned, with a quick movement, and darted to the door.

But her captor was too quick for her. He caught her before she could reach the door, and drew her forcibly back.

"What did I tell you, Mrs. Jones?" he said.

Minnie struggled violently to escape.

"Let me go!" she cried, in angry tones. "I must go home! I will go home! It was too bad of you, wicked man, to bring me here."

"Now, Susie, my dear niece, I am sorry to see you act so, and behave like Mrs. Jones."

"I am not Susie! I am not your niece!" screamed the child, in hysterical anger. "I want to go home! I will go home!"

"You see how it is, Mrs. Jones," he said. "She needs correction."

"That is so, Mr. Thompson," spoke the cracked voice of the old woman. "Leave her with me. I'll bring her to."

"I fear she will be too much for you. I will have to lock her in her own room until she learns to behave better."

He picked up the struggling child in his arms and carried her forcibly to the stairs.

"Oh, sir! don't, don't!" she begged, pitifully. "I will do anything, if you will only let me go home. I am sorry, indeed I am, that I spoke to you so."

He made no answer, but bore her on up the stairs and to the door of a room in the second story. This he opened and would have placed her on a chair inside, but she clung to him, tears streaming from her eyes.

"Oh, don't leave me with that dreadful old woman! Oh, won't you take me home?"

He disengaged her hands, and hastened to the door. She heard the grating of a bolt behind him. He was gone.

Minnie threw herself on the floor in a paroxysm of grief and fear, sobbing and moaning as if her little heart would break.

The old woman brought up some supper, left it on the table, and went away unnoticed by her.

It was a dreadful night which the child passed. She was naturally passionate, and broke into ecstasies of anger, beating against the door, and screaming at the top of her voice. These fits were succeeded by spells of weeping, and shuddering dread.

Finally exhausted nature found its antidote in sleep—a slumber visited by unpleasant dreams—a fitful, unrefreshing sleep.

The next day passed, and the next, and the next, and Minnie continued a close prisoner. Her fits of rage did not return—grief and dread alone possessed her.

Mrs. Jones visited her at meal-times, bringing her food. The old woman usually sought to enter into conversation with her, persistently call-

ing her by the name of Susie. In vain she declared that her name was Minnie Ellis, that she lived in Toledo, and begged piteously to be set free. Mrs. Jones was not to be moved by any such appeals.

Days—months, it seemed to her—of this sad life passed. Her prison grew more and more dreadful to her. Her dislike of her captors grew into a feeling of hatred.

At length one day the opening door revealed, not the expected form of Mrs. Jones, but the man who had taken her away from her home.

She sprang forward eagerly.

"Oh, sir, you are come to take me home?"

"Not yet, my dear niece. I hope in a few days to take you to your right home, not to Toledo."

"I am not your niece, and my home is Toledo!" she cried, with tears in her eyes.

"Now, Susie, if you would only quit talking such nonsense. You will never get out of here while, you keep such foolish fancies in your head."

"I am not your niece! My name isn't Susie! You are a bad man, a wicked man! Oh, what did I ever do to you? Oh, sir, do take me home!"

"Will, Susie, when you come to your senses. I only wish you to forget all the nonsense you have been talking, and remember that you are my niece, Susie Thompson."

"I ain't! I ain't! I ain't!" she screamed, in sudden fury. "I would pull my tongue out and swallow it!"

"I will never, never, never say so! never, if I die here!"

"Very well, my dear niece, we shall see."

He retired, bolting the door behind him. She flung herself on her bed, weeping from a revulsion of feeling. A short time passed, when she heard the bolt again cautiously drawn, and saw the door slowly open.

Looking languidly up, she saw the form of Pelayo Pete standing just within the room.

"With your eyes look upon the wrong direction," she asked, laying her small hand upon his arm.

"Oh, Pete!" she said, "take me from this dreadful place!"

"Hush! hush! Minnie," he said. "That man will hear you; that blasted kernal, that I'm a-going fur."

"I am so glad to see you," she said, in lower tones. "How did you get here?"

"Snaked it," said Pete. "I just clumb up like a cat."

A quick, stern step was heard in the passage beyond.

"He is coming back!" said Minnie, frightened.

"Let go of me," said Pete, in resolute, fierce tones.

She unclasped her arms and set the boy free.

"So, this is fine," said a satirical voice in the doorway. "My bird has found a mate. I will have two in the cage instead of one."

There was a devilish look upon his face as he pushed the door quickly to.

At that perilous moment Pete's gymnastic exercise stood him in good stead. With the agile leap of a wild-cat he sprang against the half-closed door, flung it wide open, and almost prostrating Colonel Green, who was seeking to close it.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 355.)

## BARBARA.

Barbara sits in her porch so green. All day long till the sun goes down. She hears the buzz of her sewing-machine. She hears the hum of the distant town. And sometimes the drone of the hive sedate.

Or the tick-tack murmur the mill-wheel makes; But at every step at the garden gate. A pause she makes and a sigh she breaks; And sadly saying, "He comes not, then?" She sighs and turns to her sewing again.

Summer winds, can you bring the balmy To a weary bosom that knows no calm? Summer and winter, and early and late, Both little Barbara sit and wait.

For that one swift step at the garden gate That never comes, and a sigh she breaks; I wonder, if she but the truth could know That is kept from so many anxious souls.

That her lover's head had been long laid low Where the grassy sea of the prairie rolls. How long would it be ere window and door Would be empty both, and her wifing o'er?

Oh, winds, west winds, will ye not tell What long ago in your wilds befell? Nay, leave her be; let her knit and sew, And linger and listen, and watch and wait. In his own good time there will come, I know, A message for her from the far away.

A whisper will breathe in the anxious ears, Her wasted figure a soft arm fold, And the love and trust that years ago Will bring her inward in a bliss untold.

Though waiting and waiting consumes our prime, There are angels in heaven that bide their time. Ye winds, blow lightly! still let repose The happy ignorance Barbara knows.

## SURE-SHOT SETH.

### The Boy Rifleman;

ON THE YOUNG PATRIOTS OF THE NORTH.

BY OLL COOMES, AUTHOR OF "IDAHO TOM," "RED ROB," "DAKOTA DAN," "OLD DAN BACKBAC," ETC.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### THE DISGUISED CAPTAIN.

MAGGIE was thrown almost prostrate by the sudden lurch of the boat, and before she could recover herself, she found that she was in the power of a savage, who, in plain English, said:

"Not a word, or I'll smother you."

"I am not a word," said Maggie, unconscious in the wet bottom of the boat, while her captor took up the paddle and kept the craft moving out further and further from the island. The maiden knew not what had been the fate of her brave young companion. She could hear the sounds of the struggle somewhere, and supposed they proceeded from the island. She breathed a prayer for Seth's triumph, yet she felt there was little hope for him, boy that he was, contending with two powerful savages. In the midst of her reveries, a strange medley of cries rose upon the night, and was followed by a savage yell, the crash of firearms, and the shouts of combatants.

The savage ceased paddling, as if paralyzed by the sound; and, for a moment, he seemed undecided as to the course he should pursue. He dipped the paddle, turned and whirled the craft in one direction, then in another.

Maggie could now see his motions, for the moon had sailed up above the eastern forest and flooded the lake with a shaven of mellow light. She saw, also, that he was dressed in the garb of a chief, and was the same individual that she and Seth had seen that day pacing along the margin of the lake.

In a moment the chief regained his composure, and the boat rapidly toward the shore; but with a fickleness unbecoming a chief, he soon changed his mind again, and turned in to a little island, and landed. He assisted Maggie from the boat, and conducting her to the interior of the island, spread his blanket upon the ground for her to be seated. Tired and weary in both body and mind, the maiden availed herself of his proffered kindness; and when seated, he lifted the edges of the blanket and wrapped them about her shoulders.

"Let the white maiden rest easy, for no harm shall come to her now," the young chief said, in good English.

Maggie started at the sound of his voice, for it struck her as being familiar. She endeavored to recall the faces of the Indians she had known and heard stirring the days of peace; but among the many that had frequented the Agency, she could remember no voice to which the voice belonged. Recovering her power of speech she answered:

"Why, then, have I been taken from my people?"

"Why does the maiden pluck the rose from the parent stem?" was his answer.

Maggie made no answer.

"It is because she loves the flower," the chief answered. "And that is why I have taken the white rose of the pale-faces."

"You were not with my captors last night," she answered.

"My warriors were," he answered. "Long has Hawk-Eyes loved the white maiden, and he wanted her for a wife. He has spared her life that she might brighten up his lodge with the light of her face."

"Then you may as well kill me here, for I will never be your wife," answered Maggie, indignantly.

"Let my white rose remember that her people are all dead, and that Hawk-Eyes is her best friend, now."

"Hawk-Eyes tells a falsehood!" reiterated the chief, who, with a look of hatred, he glared at her. "My friends are not all dead!"

"Ugh! the white rose has thorns that are concealed," the chief answered, sarcastically, for her retort cut sharply into his cowardly spirit; "but they are harmless," he added, mockingly.

"A brave chief would not so fearlessly retreat," he said. "He dare not face the friend I left on the island and speak thus to me."

"Hawk-Eyes fears not the dead," was the savage's reply, that fairly crushed the maiden's heart; but she bravely repressed her emotions from her tormentor. Upon reflection she took courage. She knew her captor's assertion was made without any positive knowledge as to whether Seth had been slain or not; for they had left before the struggle had been decided between her friend and the savages.

The discharge of firearms, the shouts, yells, and strange cries that rent the night soon after their departure from the island, had died out, and a deep silence reigned. Pretty Maggie no longer endeavored to conceal it, in every way possible, from her.

Suddenly a shout rung across the lake, that seemed to increase the chief's fears, and he at once embarked in the canoe, with his captor, for other quarry something in the sound he had heard convinced him that it was not safe to tarry longer; and what gave him uneasiness and fear, gave Maggie hope and courage.

The chief lifted his paddle with extreme caution, and moved from one island to another, pausing to rest and listen whenever under the shadows of an islet.

Maggie sat in front of her captor, her head bowed, and her eyes fixed on the glassy water rippling beneath the canoe. She had passed two or three islands and finally reached the one furthest south. It was covered with a number of tall pines that cast long, wide shadows upon the clear water. They were creeping through this long stretch of Sad-Brave Bay, and finally they reached the shore. There was a single spot in the shadow where the moonbeams, struggling through the tree-tops, fell upon the surface, as bright as if concentrated there in a focus. In this patch of light, as they passed, came the bark of a canoe, and a dark figure, who held an upturned human face—a face white as that of a corpse and stained in spots with blood. She recognized the face; it was that of Sure Shot Seth!

## CHAPTER XIV.

### A MYSTERIOUS CHARMER.

To return to the island where we left Sure Shot Seth engaged with a savage, is to follow up the events that have been rapidly crowding upon us.

The struggle of our hero had lasted but for a moment only, when he succeeded in getting the muzzle of his revolver against the savage's temple, and fired. This ended the hand-to-hand conflict, but scarcely had he time to realize his victory, ere he caught the dip of a number of oars and the heavy swash of a long batteau plowing its way through the water at a fearful speed.

Simultaneously with this discovery, the bark of a fox, the howl of a wolf, the scream of a panther, the hoot of an owl, theory of a night-hawk and other sounds rose upon the night, filling the soul of Seth with joy; for in the sounds he recognized the presence of his friends, the Boy Brigade. With a shout he leaped from the boat, and ran around the island and met them where they landed. Maggie's father and Tom Grayson accompanied them, and almost the first words of the former was an inquiry after his child.

"Where is she?" Even the waves seemed to still their murmur and listen enchanted.

A shadow fell across the rock that separated the foe—a vision appeared upon its summit. It was the vision of a woman—the author of these enchanting strains of melody.

The hazy moonlight; the sylph-like proportions of the figure; the gray, mist-like robe that enveloped it, the white face, and flowing wealth of flaxen hair gave the mysterious creature up on the rock a vague, spiritual form, and endeavored to lead the waves to the park of the light of a celestial being. In her arms she held a harp over which her white fingers danced, and flashed like ripples of sunshine; while her face, glowing in the radiance of womanly love, was lifted toward heaven and her lips poured forth in an accompaniment to the harp that would have melted the stoniest heart and soothed the wildest brain.

The scene was indeed wondrous. The night; the little forest-girded lake; the rocky island; the vision of a woman—these were the elements of a scene that seemed to be the unconscious forms stiffening at their feet, and their painted faces upturned toward the strange visitor—not contented with wild frenzy, but mute with solemn awe and mysterious admiration; while on the other side stood our friends, rooted to the spot with surprise by the sudden change from the terrors of battle to the enchanting strains of music.

Neither whites nor reds had seen the strange musician approach; and where she had come was a question beyond their comprehension.

Silent and unmoved, she stood upon the rock and sent forth those sweet seductive strains, whose melody awoke a feeling in the breasts of the audience that they had scarcely ever experienced. The heart of each seemed to leap forth in response to the silvery notes, while the soul became inspired by the sounds that seemed born of heaven itself.

Thus for all of ten minutes the unknown charmer played; then, as the last note died away like the vision of a dream, she turned, and in a tone soft as a flute's, said:

"Oh, why do my red and white friends fight and slay each other?"

A profound stillness followed. The question was repeated, and from the Boy Brigade came the response:

"We are enemies."

"But you are brothers—of the same human family," again spoke the angel of peace whose sweet young face looked down upon the astonished foes with heaven's serenity, while she clasped her white hands over her breast, and pitching her voice into an appealing tone, cried out: "Oh, my brothers! red and white; cease your struggles here. Lay down the gun, but this is not an honorable battle-field."

"The red-men have dug up the hatchet," said a savage, in a clear, full tone that was distinctly heard by the Brigade.

"Then go to the woods and fight where the warriors can have a chance for life," answered the fair woman. "Already my red brothers have lost half of their friends, while my white brothers are strong as when they came. Go, red-men; take your boat and depart, and the Great Spirit will be pleased with you."

Under any other circumstances the savages would have received this request with derision; but their loss of men and impending destruction made them more considerate of her appeals.

"If we leave here, the pale-faces will slay us," said a warrior.

"Heaven's Messenger of Peace and Mercy, will, on behalf of my white brothers, promise you a safe retreat from this island. The pale-faces are not cowards, and they will respect a woman's wish."

"Fair bein!" exclaimed old Joyful Jim, "of heaven, of earth, of air, or wherever ye mount be from, we have no respect for a red-skin, I am sorry to say; but we'd be wussar than heathens not to respect the wish of an angel, wouldn't ye, boys?"

"Yes, yes," was the unanimous response.

"Then, let my red brothers depart hence in peace," said the songstress.

The savages were only too glad to obey, and in the bloody devils are beginning to throw stones over here in hopes of crushing us," said Tom Grayson.

Our friends were again obliged to avail themselves of the protection of the shelving wall, for the stones were now raining down on their side like hail, while they had no chance to return the assault. In fact, the savages possessed the most advantageous position, being enabled to scale the wall at pleasure, and with impunity.

For fully five minutes the missiles hurtled through the air. Suddenly there was a crash. A huge mass fell into the canoe—a long, frail bark canoe—and stove a hole through the bottom, rendering it perfectly useless. This left our friends in a rather precarious situation, and served to increase their fears.

A yell from the savages told their plotting tripped; but it was immediately answered by a strange medley of shouts and cries from the Brigade. The whites, also, began to return the shower of stones as soon as they dare venture from under the ledge; and the groans and cries of the boat rocked violently. Maggie was almost told that the reds were being dangerously disturbed, as they had not the advantage of a shelter that their enemies possessed.

This hurdling of stones was kept up until it became unbearable by savage patience and forage. Seth, with a wild yell they charged around the eastern end of the wall. The whites were not taken unawares, and a deadly struggle ensued. But it was brief as it was desperate. The savages were driven back to their own side, while a shout rung forth upon the air from the lips of the victorious Brigade.

"Oh, now," exclaimed Teddy O'Roop, "and isn't it delicious fun, boys?"

"Tish fun very much," replied young Schultz. "Hark! hark!" cried Justin Gray.

With bated breath all listened.

A sound, soft and weird as the strains of an Eolian harp, floated to every ear. Every sound became hushed by the magic power of the mysterious music. Even the waves seemed to still their murmur and listen enchanted.

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"Oh, why do my red and white friends fight and slay each other?"







## ELEVATING INFLUENCE.

BY JOE JOE, JR.

To pass a lady on the street  
And bow politely to her,  
Then find that you're mistaken sore,  
And that you never knew her.

To see a dun come down the walk,  
And dodge across the street,  
So you will not disturb his mind—  
And there another meet.

To spread yourself when out to dine  
Like other men of note,  
And then before the ladies drink  
Your tea down the wrong throat.

To talk against an absent man  
In language that doth serve,  
And then be tenderly informed  
A relative is near.

To sit down in a railroad car  
By a young lady's side,  
And the first thing she says to you  
Is that it's occupied.

Or to an aged woman yield  
Half of the seat, and find  
A younger and a prettier one  
Left standing up behind.

To tell your partner at the dance  
That you cannot discern  
A pretty face in all the throng,  
And fall excepting "her'n."

To think you're going down the street  
Cutting a figure quite,  
When your coquette is sticking up,  
And back is all over white.

To try to leave the room at dark—  
And, worst of human woes,  
Feel all about you for the door,  
And find it with your nose.

To holla at the man before  
Whom you are sure to see,  
And find out when he turns around  
That appearance deceives.

To follow up a scandalous tale  
That's going round on you,  
And when at last you run it down,  
Find out that it is true!

## Great Captains.

BLUCHER,  
MARSHAL FORWARD.

BY DR. LOUIS LEGRAND

To class Blucher with great captains is to accord him too much emphasis, since, in planning campaigns or acting independently, he was not comparable even with most of Napoleon's or the Czar Alexander's marshals. He was, however, an illustrious soldier, whose name and fame were not only due to Prussians but became world-wide celebrity. He was simply a hard fighter—a man not only insensible to personal danger but of a tenacity of will that won for him, among his soldiers, the sobriquet of Bull-dog of the Rhine, while his readiness to go into fight, and his precipitancy in march, gave him, later, among leaders, the significant title of "Marshal Forward." To Napoleon, however, he was "The Old Devil"—*le vieux diable*—and to the world he now appears as one of the most prominent personages of an era that almost swarmed with celebrated military characters.

Lebrecht Von Blucher was born Dec. 16th, 1743, at Rostock, a town lying near the shores of the Baltic, in Mecklenburg. He came of honorable family—of Grossen Rensow. His father was captain of cavalry in the forces of Hesse-Cassel. He thus came naturally to think of the army as a profession, but turned soldier much too soon for his father's plans for his son's education. He sent the lad to the island of Rugen for private tuition, but there the sight of some Swedish hussars was too much for his duty to parents or teachers, for, despite their remonstrance, he enlisted in the Swedish service as cornet, in a regiment of hussars, being but fourteen years of age.

Sweden was then in the alliance with Russia and Austria against Frederick II. of Prussia, and the "Seven Years' War" was just opening. The boy, then in arms against his own sovereign, was taken prisoner in his very first adventure in Pomerania, by the regiment of which he afterward became the distinguished leader—the Black Hussars. Its colonel, Von Belling, pleased with the lad's spirit and frankness, induced him to enlist in his regiment, giving in exchange a Swedish officer.

Lebrecht advanced rapidly. The Black Hussars grew to be one of Frederick's most efficient corps, and fought with such splendid valor as to win laurels on every field. Its thinned ranks were filled up with chosen men and its officers were promoted from the ranks for distinguished merit. Young Blucher's undiminished courage and devotion to duty had a reward in his advancement in three years to the senior captaincy. Then occurred a vacancy by the major's death. Promotion in order indicated young Blucher for the vacancy, but his new superior, a young nobleman took the place. Blucher remonstrated, and the whole regiment resented this innovation upon usage in the renowned corps; but this did not effect the removal of the titled officer; so the young captain sent in a request to the king to be permitted to resign, and received this characteristic answer:

"Captain Blucher has permission to quit my service, and he may go to the devil if he thinks fit."

He didn't "go to the devil," however, but retired to the duchy of Silesia, and, with a kind of fierce zeal, devoted the succeeding fifteen years of his life to tilling the soil and acquiring an estate. In this he was eminently successful.

The war went on. Frederick, alone, and with magnificent generalship, won his fight with three powers, and the world willingly conceded him the title of The Great. Prussia, devastated by armies, and almost shorn of its young men by the sacrifices of the war, began to recover her prosperity, and the captain, who seemed lost from sight forever in the plodding pursuit of planting and reaping, when Frederick the Great died (1786) to be succeeded by Frederick William II., his nephew.

This gay prince, who had known and admired Blucher, at once called him from his acres to make him major of the Black Hussars; but, not until Frederick, in 1793, proposed and effected the coalition against France, did the regiment see severe service. Then followed the irruption of the French and the battles of Orthez, Luxemburg, Frankenstein, Oppenheim, Kirchweiler, and Edsheim. In each of these he participated, and rose, by force of his "genius for fight," to a brigade command. At the fierce battle at Ley-stadt, (Sept. 1794), he won new laurels by the terrible vigor of his onslaught. He was made major-general of the army of observation in the lower Rhine, after peace with France, (1795). Prussia, thereafter, kept clear of the "alliances" against France, until 1805, when Frederick William III. was forced by Russia to join in a new coalition against Napoleon, whose tremendous strides in power and conquest made him the standing menace to the other powers. This coalition resulted in precipitating upon Prussia the utmost strength of the French emperor. The splendid corps of Soult, Murat, and Bernadotte, led by Napoleon in person, with Davoust in command of the right wing, invaded Prussia, by way of Saxony, and Davoust struck Blucher's corps at Auerstadt, Oct. 14, 1806, while Napoleon, with the main body, fought the bloody battle of Jena, and, by a signal victory, opened the way to Berlin, which city he proceeded to occupy and retain until 1809. Blucher, cut off from the main army under Prince Hohenlohe, which Napoleon had defeated at Jena, tried to make a junction with it, and thence to retreat northward into Pomerania. But the prince was closely pursued, and, penned up in Prenzlau, had to surrender. This compelled Blucher to "cut and run" for Mecklenburg, where a new battle-front behind the river Trave was pre-arranged. Blucher threw his corps into Lubek.

That place the French assailed with overwhelming force. Blucher was overcome and escaped, with a remnant of his troops, but was headed off and surrendered at Ratkau, (Nov. 6th, 1806), having inserted in the article of capitulation the following: "The capitulation was offered to him by the Prince of Ponto-corno, and he accepted it only from want of ammunition, provisions and forage."

Napoleon treated the sturdy cavalryman with studied politeness. The motive, of course, in that consummate tactician's mind was to alienate the Prussian leaders and enlist them against Russia—an object only too successful with many less heroic souls than that of Blucher. He was steadfast as iron, and being soon excited for General Victor, he started for Strassburg, to aid the Swedes in holding that city.

The peace of Tilsit, (July 1st, 1807), so humiliating to Frederick William III., left Prussia at peace—under a French occupancy of Berlin. But Blucher was so intractable that, at Napoleon's instigation, he was dismissed from a service that brought deep chagrin to every patriotic German; and, in company with several other distinguished officers, he retired wholly from any participation in affairs, pursuing for several years his life of no more. In the campaign against Russia, of 1812, when Prussia and Austria sustained France, he took no part. In 1813, after Napoleon's awful disaster in Russia, and the retreat from Moscow witnessed the first serious blow at Napoleon's supremacy over Europe, the Prussians arose almost en masse against their conqueror, whose yoke they had worn for nearly six years. Blucher was called from his retirement. Though then seventy years of age he still was in full vigor of mind and body. As a summing command in chief of the Prussian army, with a corps of Russians, under Winzingerode, he took the field against the French, still exceedingly powerful and confident. The battle of Lutzen (May 23, 1813), was the first of the rapid series to follow. Napoleon commanded in person, having brought in an entirely new army of 350,000 men, resolved to retain his German possessions, to regain his protectorate over Prussia and to force the Czar Alexander to a peace honorable to France thus leaving the emperor master of Europe. Blucher was beaten back, but, as usual with him, he retreated, saving men and guns, and was in fighting order the next day. His heroism was so conspicuous that the czar bestowed on him the Order of St. George. In the battle of Bautzen (May 21st), Blucher was again beaten back—not defeated; his army was intact, cheerful and steadily growing in strength by reinforcements—Napoleon's German allies coming over to the Prussians in great numbers.

Austria, neutral in this contest, now proposed an armistice. This was accepted to, but all efforts to induce Napoleon to accept the Rhine as the boundary of France failed; so, the armistice having expired (Aug. 10th), Austria joined the coalition against Napoleon. The result was a series of conflicts occurred at and around Dresden (Aug. 24th, 26th, 27th) in which the French held the vantage. But disasters only added new resources to the allies, and Napoleon, by several heavy losses, was finally driven to the Rhine, by Blucher on the Katzbach, which threw the French backward—the beginning of their retreat from Prussia and Germany.

At Leipzig Napoleon resolved upon a desperate stand. Oct. 16th and 18th two prolonged and sanguinary conflicts took place, in which Napoleon was especially distinguished. The vanquished French now retreated toward the Rhine—leaving twenty-five thousand French in Leipzig, prisoners to the allies. That retreat was a severe loss to Napoleon, and the emperor reached the Rhine with only about seventy-five thousand men—all that remained of his new army of three hundred and fifty thousand.

Passing this remnant over the river, Napoleon again hastened to Paris to recruit another army. But the allies were prompt to pursue the advantage. Blucher as "Marshal Forward," with two Russian, two Prussian, one Hessian and one mixed corps, crossed the Rhine Jan. 1st, 1804, to march on Paris. After some severe reverses, dealt by the now desperate emperor with a skill that has no parallel in modern warfare, the old Prussian was before the French capital the last of March. On the 30th the allied army made its grand assault at Montmartre, which gave the finishing blow to Napoleon's power. On the 31st the Czar Alexander the King of Prussia, and Old Blucher rode into Paris, at the head of their army. Napoleon abdicated April 4th, and on May 4th landed in Elba—his island home which the allied powers had assigned as his sole realm.

The king of Prussia, who had been driven over to London, in June—where the old hero created immense enthusiasm among all classes of people.

Blucher, now covered with honors, and made Prince of Waldeck by his grateful sovereign, retired to his Silesian farm, only to be called to the field again when Napoleon burst his bonds and suddenly reappeared in France, in March, 1815, to resume the reins of government and bid defiance to his enemies. The allies were quickly in arms. Blucher was given chief command of the Prussian and German corps, about eighty thousand men, and started, in June, to join Wellington in the Netherlands. Napoleon, with two corps, struck him at Ligny, June 16th, and, as he supposed, a severe defeat. Old Blucher was reported as killed, at which Napoleon very naturally expressed great satisfaction, as he turned to fall upon Wellington, at Waterloo, leaving Grouchy, with thirty thousand men, to attend to the Prussians. Fatal mistake. Old Blucher had been down on the field of battle, lying under his dead horse, while six regiments of cuirassiers rode over the field where he lay. After they were gone he got up, rejoined his corps, which had simply been pressed back, left one division to "attend to Grouchy," and started after Napoleon in hot haste. How he came up at the critical moment, on the evening of the eventful day of Waterloo (June 18th), we have related in our sketch of Wellington. He administered the finishing blow, and a dreadful blow it was.

Sixteen regiments of hussars pursued all that moonlit night, and their path was literally lined with the French dead—a most awful vengeance upon the once invincible Old Guard and the legions of veterans who had made the Emperor's name so glorious. Early on the 19th the whole Prussian army was headed for Paris, and refusing every and all suggestions of armistice or arrangement, the Old Hussar entered the city in a mood so fierce that he was not easily pacified. His mercy for those who had broken oath and pledge was a court-martial and a firing platoon. He tarried in Paris several months, and thence once more sought his Silesian home—bearing the new decoration, invented expressly for him, of the Order of the Iron Cross.

Blucher lived until Sept. 19th, 1819. His last years were made very pleasant and notable with the honors shown him by every class and condition of his countrymen, and to this day no name in German history excites more pride and enthusiasm among the Saxon race.

## Stories of Chivalry.

## THE SILVER MASK.

BY T. C. HARRAUGH.

"FLOWERS! flowers de Italia!" cried a sweet voice, in the flower-market of Florence.

None, my little girl, said one of two handsome-dressed men whom she had addressed with her usual call.

"If not for yourselves, signores, buy a bouquet for your sweethearts," the flower-vender persisted, with a winning smile.

But the man shook his head, as he lowered a bunch of flowers which he had been admiring, as if to please the girl.

"Come on," said his companion, petulantly tugging at his cloak. "Have you seen another doll's face? Upon my sword, Guillaume, you stand here like a smitten schoolboy. We can

not afford to ogle flower girls in the public markets."

The fellow addressed as Guillaume did not reply, but darted the girl a singular look, as he pointed his comrade to draw him from the stall.

"Their faces are alike, boy," the petulant Florentine said.

"But she was so lovely."

"I can find lovelier girls in the fish markets."

"Nonsense! she looked like the flowers which she was selling."

Signor Tinto bit his lip, and cast a furtive glance over his shoulder at the girl, whose eye was following them.

He whistled far away to note the paller that chased the ruddy hue from her cheeks.

Half an hour later Guillaume stood before the girl again. Her stock of flowers had dwindled to a few bunches, which had been picked over, for Florence was in the midst of a carnival, and the beautiful bouquet found a ready sale. The Italian made several purchases that delighted the girl, and drew her into conversation.

He discovered that her name was Tinnette, and that she lived in a poor quarter of the city, in the fashionable quarter of the beautiful Italian city.

Her youthful beauty was striking enough to captivate such a man as Guillaume. Rapha, and he did not desert the stall until he had purchased the last flower, and showered squibs into Tinnette's purse.

As he walked away, reluctantly, he did not dream of the tragic manner in which his new acquaintance was destined to end.

He sought his luxurious lodgings in the most fashionable quarter of the beautiful Italian city, and prepared for the masque which was to be given that night in honor of the carnival.

He threw the flowers upon the dressing-stand, and cast a smile upon them. Somehow or other the thought of the beautiful girl came into his thoughts, and he saw her while he robed himself in the costume of an ancient harper.

"It will do me no good to think of her," he suddenly exclaimed. "There are hundreds of such girls in Florence. I must dismiss you, fair Tinnette. No doubt you possess a lover whose circumstances are as humble as your own. But, I could love you, girl, though I am far above you in station; yet I dare not! Guillaume Rapha possesses the family pride. He can not be the laughing-stock of Florence."

The carriage that dashed from the Florentine's steps, bore to the masquerade the *soi-disant* harper, who was stared at by the many masks already assembled as he entered, seemingly bent double with age.

There was a moment of silence. The wealth, beauty and love-makers of the gay capital were there, each face masked and well hidden. The vast rooms were filled with the noisy, chattering throng, while some had sought the balcony to overlook the water, elegiac like a child in the mellow moonlight. The night was one of Italy's balmy, and the strains of music that floated aloft to die among the stars, as it were, seemed to come from harp's inspiration.

"There it goes again—the silver mask!" said Guillaume Rapha, as a boyish form brushed the folds of his harper's hood. The face was concealed by a silver mask, that glittered in the lamplight like a piece of costly silk.

The harper gazed after the mask until it was lost in the throng that swayed from wall to wall with laughter and volubrious song.

He followed with a gait altogether too nimble for an aged musician, and found himself in the largest of one of the carnival halls. Casting his eye about, he espied the object of his errand and silently approached.

The Silver Mask did not court the company that Guillaume extended, but ventured to withdraw. But the eager Florentine restrained the figure, and looked into the deep eyes that peeped from the shen.

"One request, fair mask," he said, half pleadingly. "Let me stand beside you when we uncover."

"No, signor," was the reply, spoken in evident fright.

Guillaume started, and quickly drew the slender form to him, while his lips touched the mask's ear.

"I know you, Tinnette! I bought your flowers to-day; but do not fear. I will not betray you."

The next moment the Silver Mask had torn itself from the harper's embrace and was lost to his sight.

"What! that beautiful young girl here!" he exclaimed, almost bewildered by his discovery. "I wonder what nobleman is her protector! This night I will find out. It is near midnight; then we unmask—then I will know who her lover is."

The moments passed wearily to the interested Tinto. The carnival had lost its charms, and his harp no longer delighted the revelers with its sweet music. From room to room he sought the Silver Mask, and finding it not, was about to conclude that his discovery had frightened it from the scene, when some unaccountable something drew him to the balcony.

As it was near the midnight hour, the moon sinking toward the water threw its light upon but half of the structure. Guillaume found himself in the shadow as he stepped without noise upon the porch.

No sound arrested his attention, until he heard low voices, and suddenly discovered that the balcony was occupied by others beside himself. He saw two figures leaning over the railing. The moonlight fell upon their bodies, and the witness started when he saw that one was the lost mask.

Tinnette's companion was clad in the garb of an Italian bandit, and looked one with his costly plumes and gleaming sword. Tall and athletic he looked as he suddenly assumed an erect position, and Guillaume noted his massive chest and strong limbs.

"I wouldn't give a fig for such love as yours!" the brigand said to his companion. "You are fickle—like April sun. You know with whom I saw you this night."

The Silver Mask did not reply.

"It is enough, Tinnette!" the man continued. "Did I not say long ago that you should never turn your back on me and live to make me the fool of Florence?"

"But, signor—"

"Signor! It was not signor before he crossed your path!" the man said, bitterly. "I want to know what you are doing. To-night you would cry forgiveness on my shoulder; to-morrow talk love with him in the public market."

His last words made the listener start, and his hand crept to the hilt of the sword concealed beneath his harper's cloak.

There was a moment of silence. The Silver Mask was looking away—far over the river, as it seemed—while the bandit's fierce eyes showered baleful light upon her.

"No!" he suddenly cried, grasping the mask's slender wrist, and drawing her from the railing. "There is a place where foolish girls cannot jilt noblemen. You have made love in the market for the last time! Now down to the river, where silver waves roll over hates and loves alike!"

With almost supernatural strength the Silver Mask was jerked into the air, and the maddened man sprang to the edge of the balcony.

One moment he stood there, with the girl poised above his plumes, then a wild cry full of agony started him, and he turned like a lion at bay upon the sword that flashed in his presence.

But his hands were empty. The dark object descending like a spent rocket toward the river was the Silver Mask!

He uttered a cry of joy when he noted the harper, who stood erect in his presence with sword unsheathed and epithets on his maddened lips.

"Draw, villain!" cried Guillaume. "For that dastardly crime you shall forfeit your worthless life."

Sword struck sword in the light of the silvery moon, and the conflict that followed was brief and terrible. For Guillaume's steel, impetuous and invincible, tore the other from his owner's grasp, and the cap of plumes fell over

the balcony and downward like a stricken eagle.

"Mercy, Guillaume!" gasped the vanquished mask, at whose breast the Florentine's point was thrust. "I am your friend Tinto."

"My direct for since you have robbed me of Tinnette!" was the implacable reply. "Over the balcony! I disdain to spill a drop of your blood."

Tinto standing revealed before his infuriated friend, pleaded for mercy. As well might he have prayed to the walls of the palace.

"Over! or, by the holy lights in heaven! I'll hand you over to the rack!"

The murderer gnashed his teeth and climbed over the railing. His face was white, and he still looked, but in vain, for a spark of mercy in Guillaume's eyes.

"Farewell!" said the victor. "There are rocks along the shore. If you jump far out you have a chance for life. Now jump, my Tinto!"

Guillaume raised his sword as he uttered the command, and with a bitter oath the murderer leaped out into the air.

Down, down he went, till the night lost him to the victor's sight, and the faint echo of a splash came up from below.

Guillaume, the Florentine, turned away and sought the lighted rooms. But he did not tarry there. His figure was soon missed, and his carriage bore him back to his lodgings.

A trio of fishermen drew a body from the water on the following morning. At first they called it a little page; but when one raised the silver mask that, saturated with water, clung to the face like a shroud, a general exclamation rent the air.

"Tinnette, the flower-girl!"

The poor men bore her body home while another party, belonging to their class, stood over the handsomely-dressed figure of the villain Tinto.

Among the many people who flocked to see it as it lay exposed for a time by the authorities was one who, after viewing it for a moment, murmured, as he turned away:

"He didn't jump far enough from the balcony!"

The two deaths puzzled the authorities, and the annual pension which Tinnette's mother received to the day of her death never revealed the name of its donor.

At last the old woman died, and the hands that raised the reason and put the end to the wounded back's life, and until the struggle was over with did my companion realize how near he had been to death. Had he been an inch closer to the deer, he would have been disemboweled.

Returning hastily to camp, we sent Uncle Lige down with his cart to bring in our game, and until bedtime that night we were occupied in dressing and packing our venison.

We sought our respective places of repose about ten o'clock. When we retired, the air was dry and rather sharp. A strong wind was sweeping up from the south and roaring through the reeds on either side of us like the rush of a distant storm.

Uncle Lige stood guard; we could not induce him to give way to any of us.

"I don't like these dry winds," he said; "they're dangerous here on this open prairie. No, no, boys! I'll keep watch to-night."

Wondering what he could be so afraid of, we went to sleep; and I rather thought that Uncle Lige must have fallen into a doze also, for along in the night we were aroused by a startled cry—a cry like that of one started suddenly from his sleep with terror:

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announced that we had reached the outskirts of the deer-range, and so we halted and again went into camp on the open prairie, with the rather startling assurance that we were now between the Hell and Purgatory.

We were now compelled to use considerable economy in fuel, as we were a long way from timber, with but a meager supply in our wagon. Provender for our animals was also scarce, but we overcame want by picking out our horses out where they could crop the dry prairie grass, which, even after the heaviest autumnal frosts, retains some nutriment.

After we had partaken of a late dinner, we all shouldered our guns and set off on the hunt of deer, going in pairs. Jim and I made our way eastward until we reached the margin of the deer slough, when we stopped to contemplate the scene and review our past record.

The marsh, or slough, was over a mile wide, and overgrown with a dense body of black reeds. The water in it was deep and dark, and full of croaking frogs. A slight wind was blowing from the south, and creeping among the dense reeds with a pent-up roar.

Being soon satisfied with our deliberation over the swamp, we turned our faces south and continued on. We had gone but a short way, when, to our joyful surprise, we discovered four deer coming across from the Purgatory directly toward us, having doubtless been routed by Bob and George.

We dropped ourselves in the grass and looked to our guns, which were heavily charged with buck-shot. The wind being across their course, we had no fears of the animals detecting our presence, and when they were within forty paces of us we rose to our feet. They turned abruptly aside at sight of us, when each one poured a double charge into his deer.

One of the animals fell dead in its tracks—the other made a few desperate leaps forward, reeled and fell. Jim hastened forward with drawn knife to cut their throats. A strong wind was sweeping up from the south and roaring through the reeds on either side of us like the rush of a distant storm.

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